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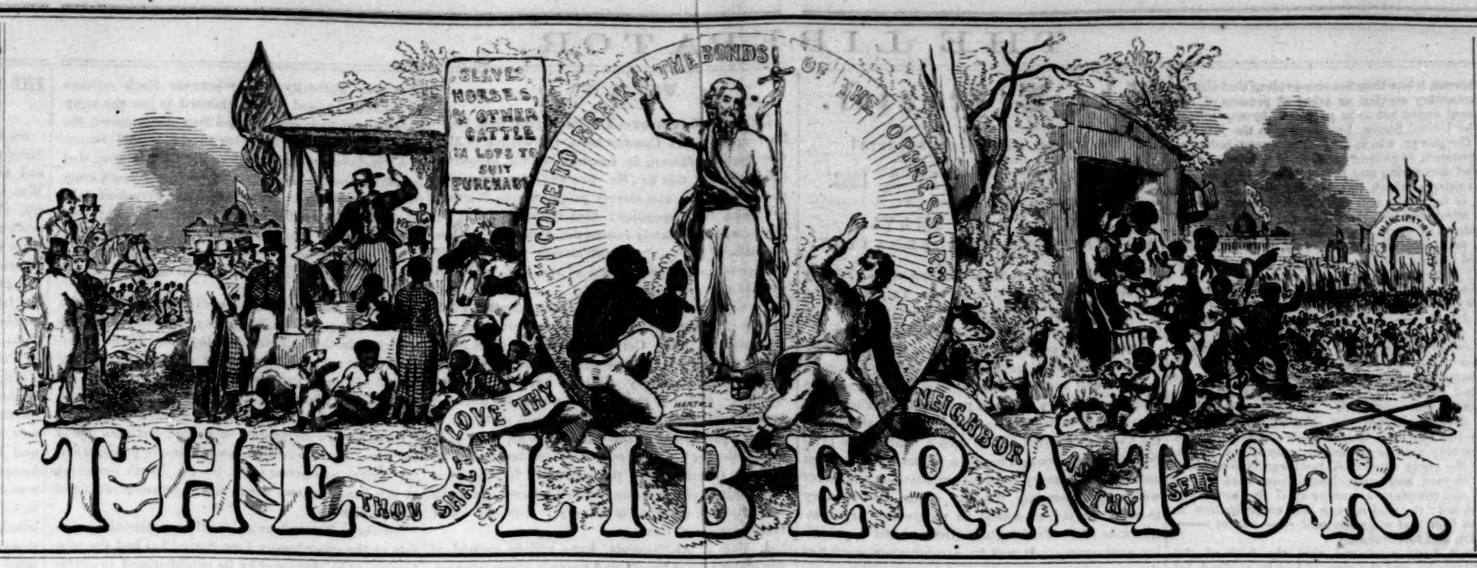

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, CIVIL, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, IN EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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Refuge of Oppression.

BARBAROUS FRUITS OF ABOLITIONISM.

From the *N. Y. Tribune*, the paper which some weeks ago announced the inauguration of the reign of blood in the department lately under General Hunter, and which is the recognized organ of abolitionism, we take the following account of the burning of Darien, in Georgia.

* * * * *

We hasten to place on record our solemn protest, in common with the protest of all Christendom, against the barbarity here described as the work of Americans, and to call on the President of the United States to make an example of the officer or officers immediately responsible for the hideous wrong which stains our name forever in history. The *Tribune* assures us editorially that there is a "legitimate military object" for this "extraordinary" proceeding. Would to God it were extraordinary! But these occurrences are becoming ordinary. We read of them in all directions. Let the civilized world know that they are not justified, not ordered—nay, that they are condemned as barbarism by the intelligent American people. This people are not responsible for them. They are the victims of that fanaticism known as abolitionism, which reduces its votaries to the grade of the persecutors of dark times, and induces them to rejoice in the plunder and burning of Southern homes. It is an insult to American intelligence to talk about a legitimate military object in this robbery and destruction. From one end of the country to the other rises a solemn voice of protest against the monstrous vindictiveness of the abolitionists, who are responsible for these atrocities. But the abolitionists gloat over them, rejoice in them, calmly tell us there is a military object for them, and shout their *Io triumphe* whenever a negro regiment is led into a peaceful village, whence all the men have gone, and let loose on the work of robbery and fire.

When we read this account over, we are more and more impressed with its horror. The negro regiments are placed on gunboats. They go up a river, firing shot and shell into the country on both sides. They fire a storm of shot and shell into the unarmed village of Darien, inhabited by women and children, *as they approach the wharf!* They land, rob and burn the place, and return to glory over the "bold" adventure.

In the name of humanity, is this the way America makes war? Is this the education of the "poor negro" to be a soldier and a citizen? Is this the way to restore Union? Is this the way to perpetuate the glory of "the most beneficent government" on earth? Is the President of the United States willing to have the historian record of him, personally, that under his rule such deeds were done in the broad sunshine of Georgia?

We speak for our country, our name, our cause, our humanity. All require that the responsibility for this wrong be removed as far as possible from the American people and their government.

It will not do to tell the world that it is the mere fault of one man, who has made a mistake. On the contrary, one year ago the whole country rang with the cry of abolitionism against those who proposed to forbid pillage. Generals were condemned who "defended rebel property." The radical party assumed the whole responsibility of this barbarism, and on them it rests. They see a "military object" to make it "legitimate." Where is the officer now in our army who dare shoot a soldier for pillage? Where is the court-martial that dare hang a man for stealing either rebel or Union property? The radical influence has been steadily leading us to this degradation in the eyes of all civilization. It is time to change all this. It must be changed by the voice of the people. The Administration has mistaken the frenzy of the abolitionists for the expression of popular wishes. The united voice of the people ought to go up to heaven in disavowal of the responsibility, and in prayer that vengeance be averted from us.

Will Mr. Lincoln awake to the tremendous responsibility which these occurrences force upon him? He must awake, and deal sternly with this matter, or we are a lost people, and lost because we do not deserve to be saved. In the army of Wellington or Napoleon, such a raid as this would result in the sudden erection of a gallows, and the execution of every man concerned in ordering it. But here, the responsibility rests on the abolition party at the North, and the President must assume and approve of the iniquity, or he must at once, and unequivocally, repudiate it, and put a stop to its repetition forever after. It is no small matter. It concerns not him alone, but it concerns our whole cause, and our whole character.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

BURNING CITIES. We had perhaps a faint hope that a tinge of shame might redden the cheeks of some abolitionists when they saw the story of the raid of Col. Montgomery and its barbarous results. To be born in the 19th century, and not blush at having any responsibility in such an affair, may well be said to argue a total lack of the purer instincts of humanity. But the curse of abolitionism makes men forgetful of the higher impulses of their nature, and leads them to revel in scenes at which the refined mind is impressed with horror and shame for our common humanity. The *Evening Post*, with all the glee characteristic of abolitionism, exults in the affair as a good thing, quotes with apparent delight passages from the account of the *Tribune*, sees nothing remarkable in them, nothing wrong or unusual in the gunboats approaching the wharf of an unarmed village, and throwing shot and shell among its houses, ridicules our protests against the barbarism, and hopes the government will continue these outrages. We are not much surprised. Disunionists from the outset, the abolitionists approve of whatever widens the breach, even though it be conduct which civilization abhors.

Let us war like men like civilized beings, if we must war at all. We might long ago have been victors with our vast power, our overwhelming numbers, if we had pursued a noble war policy, and avoided all semblance of a fanatical and barbarous crusade. We might have divided the South and united the North, instead of uniting the South and dividing the North. We have thrown away our strength, wasted our blood and treasure, for the sake of abolitionism. All our experience should warn us to give up, and forever, the malign counsels of men who lead us to barbarism in their madness. Let us recall the glory it once was to be an American, and have done with these disgraceful robberies and outrages, which are only worthy of South Sea Islanders, and abolitionists educated by the *Evening Post* and like sheets.

We trust that the Administration at Washington will at length awake from the stupor into which it seems to have been lulled by these men, and tell the world that the war is not to be conducted on our side in the interests of barbarism.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Selections.

ONE-SIDED AND WRONG-SIDED SYMPATHY.

The *Journal of Commerce*, this morning, shrieks with furious rage at the destruction of the village of Darien by Col. Montgomery. It calls this act the "barbarous fruits of abolitionism"; speaks of "the inauguration of the reign of blood," though not a soul was killed or wounded at Darien, and draws a comically horrible picture of Col. Montgomery's movements, at the contemplation of which, says the *Journal*, "we are more and more impressed with horror." And no wonder. Every reader must be horrified with the story, as dramatically paraphrased by the able writer of fine English in the *Journal*. See how skilfully he depicts the successive stages of the journey, and its accumulating agonies:—"When we read this account over, we are more and more impressed with its horror. The negro regiments are placed on gunboats. They go up a river, firing shot and shell into the country on both sides. They fire a storm of shot and shell into the unarmed village of Darien, inhabited by women and children, *as they approach the wharf!* They land, rob and burn the place, and return to glory over the 'bold' adventure."

After this, let no one talk about the Feejees, or the king of Dahomey; let Col. Montgomery be named whenever the *Journal of Commerce* wants to make its readers shudder. Just think of it! the monster actually put his black soldiers on board of a gunboat—was there ever anything more savagely brutal than this? Then this miscreant steamed up the narrow river; and though he knew that several hundreds of chivalrous rebel guerrillas were hid at favorable points along the banks, eagerly waiting to pick off the Union soldiers as the boat passed, and even to destroy her, if opportunity should offer, with a shot from a field piece, this monster in human form and in United States uniform actually "fired shot and shell into the country on both sides!" Having in this way deprived the guerrillas of their opportunity, Montgomery and his—"myrmidons," we suppose they will have to be called, no other title, except perhaps "base caitiffs," would answer,—"pour a storm of shot and shell into the unarmed village of Darien, inhabited by women and children, *as they approach the wharf!*" If we may trust our contemporary's italics, the fact that they fired as they approached the wharf makes their offence more hateful in the sight of the Christian world; though why, precisely, we cannot tell. Exhausted by this picture of horrors, the *Journal* forgets to tell its readers that not a single person was killed or hurt in the village; that Col. Montgomery's firing, on his way up, had caused the people to leave the place; and that if any women and children remained, not one was in the slightest manner injured in person, or insulted; that, in fact, what Colonel Montgomery did was not a grain worse than what Captain Semmes has done fifty times without eliciting a scream of horror from the *Journal*. The distressed writer, however, hastened to wash his hands of the whole affair, and to "place on record our solemn protest, in common with the protest of all Christendom, against the barbarity here described as the work of Americans, and to call on the President of the United States to make an example of the officer or officers immediately responsible for the hideous wrong which stains our name forever in history."

We do not mean to justify the burning of Darien—though it was much less an outrage than the rebel ship Tacony's destruction of the thirteen harmless fishermen on the Massachusetts coast; or than the burning of any one of the forty or fifty ships which have fallen prey to the Alabama. But the *Journal of Commerce* and other pro-slavery sheets which bubble over with rage at Colonel Montgomery's act, have not a word to say about these rebel outrages which have been so long going on. So long as it is a slaveholding rebel who burns American ships, or who robs American citizens, or who hunts loyal men and women in Tennessee with bloodhounds, or who hangs Union men and insults Union women, and drives hundreds of such from their homes, destitute and starving, the *Journal* has not a word to say, except, perhaps, to utter a sneer when such a man as Parson Brownlow, who has seen and felt these savage cruelties and insults, speaks of them to the public. But the moment one of its slaveholding brethren is touched, then we hear screams and protests from the *Journal of Commerce*. Why is this? Why this partiality? Why not fall into a rage when Union men and women are barbarously treated, or when their property is wantonly destroyed? Among the very first acts of the rebel leaders was one formally authorizing their adherents—and not them only, but all foreigners lawless enough—to carry off or destroy the private property of loyal American men and women wherever they could find it. We have for two years endured a series of outrages of this kind, which have at last provoked retaliation—not by way of revenge for past sufferings and losses, but to put a stop to the lawless and barbarous proceedings of the rebels, by showing them that we, too, can play at the game of destruction. We hope the government will at once announce this policy of retaliation, and that it will not be kept back from using a lawful and expedient means of protecting the rights of American citizens, simply by the cries of a few pro-slavery journals in the free States, who have from the beginning given countenance and support to the rebel leaders.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

MILITARY ATROCITIES—WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

The Civil War now desolating our country was formally inaugurated by the bombardment of Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861. The Memphis *Avalanche*, a leading Rebel organ, on the 9th of May following, contained the following:

ATTENTION VOLUNTEERS!—*Resolved, by the Committee of Safety*, That C. Deloach, D. R. Cook, and Wm. B. Greenlaw be authorized to organize a Volunteer Company, composed of our *patriotic free men of color* of the city of Memphis, for the service of our *common defence*. All who have not enrolled their names will call at the office of W. B. Greenlaw & Co.

T. TITUS, President.

F. W. FORSYTHE, Secretary.

The first serious battle of the War was at Great Bethel, Va., June 10th; in which Major Winthrop of this city (Union) was shot by a negro fighting behind the Rebel intrenchments, who had been told by his master that the Yankees were after him to seize and sell him away from his family to Cuba, and he must avert that calamity by fighting.

Early in the Summer of 1861, the Rebels at New Orleans organized two colored regiments to fight on their side, and they participated in a grand parade of rebel troops held just below that city in the Autumn of that year. The rebel journals of the day spoke of their appearance and discipline in the most complimentary terms.

The Tennessee rebel Legislature, soon after their State plunged into treason, passed a Conscription Act, whereof the following is one section:

Be it further enacted, That in the event that a sufficient number of free persons of color to meet the wants of the State shall not tender their services, then the Governor is empowered, through the Sheriffs of the different counties, to *impress* such persons until the required number is obtained. In doing so, he will have regard to the population of such persons in the several counties, and shall direct the Sheriffs to determine by lots those that are required to serve.

In nearly or quite every rebel State, negroes were compelled to aid the rebellion—the slaves by requisitions on their masters for such a proportion of their "force" to dig intrenchments, erect batteries, &c.—the free colored by all manner of peremptory citations. The extraordinary strength imparted to "the South" by Slavery—making women and children available in agriculture; whereas the North must depend on men and grown boys, and leaving all the able-bodied males of the white caste for military service, was everywhere proclaimed and exulted over by the rebel oracles as rendering their Confederacy invincible.

Meantime, no negro or mulatto was allowed to fight for the Union, and hardly to carry water to our thirsty soldiers. Some blacks in this city hired a room, and gathered quietly to drill for any emergency that might arise; but the Police dispersed them, fearing that our Democratic rowdies would raise a riot if they did not.

Gen. McClellan, on assuming command of the Department of the Ohio, issued (May 26, 1861) a Proclamation to the People of Virginia, wherein he said:

"All your rights shall be religiously respected. Notwithstanding all that has been said by the traitors to induce you to believe that our advent among you will be signalized by interference with your slaves, understand one thing clearly—not only will we abstain from such interference, but we will, on the contrary, *with an iron hand crush any attempt at insurrection on their part.*"

To the same effect, Gen. Robert Patterson, in assuming command of the Union forces on the Upper Potomac, issued (June 3) a Proclamation to his soldiers, wherein he said:

"You must bear in mind that you are going for the good of the whole country, and that, while it is your duty to punish sedition, you must protect the loyal, and should the occasion offer, *at once suppress servile insurrection.*"

Such were the anti-negro auspices under which we fought and lost the battle of Bull Run; such was the attitude of our Government during the whole eventful period in which *white* Unionism was crushed out at the South, and even Tennessee won over to the rebellion. And, Gen. Fremont having issued a military order which declared the slaves of *rebels* in his Department free, the President annulled it; and Gen. Halleck, on taking command of that department, issued (Nov. 29, 1861) his famous order No. 3, which reads:

"It has been represented that important information respecting the numbers and condition of our forces is conveyed to the enemy by means of fugitive slaves who are admitted within our lines. In order to remedy this evil, it is directed that *no such persons be hereafter permitted to enter the lines of any camp, or of any forces on the march, and that any within such lines be immediately excluded therefrom.*"

Thus stood matters until the failure of Gen. McClellan's peninsular campaign against Richmond, and the torpor which settled down upon the Union armies in the West, convinced the last reluctant Unionist that we could not succeed while we upheld Slavery with one hand, and were compelled to fight it with the other—that to allow the rebels a monopoly of the service of negroes in that struggle was to give them the victory.

Hence the President's Proclamation of Freedom.

Hence, too, the arming of negroes to fight for the Union, more than a year after they had been effectively aiding the rebellion.

The rebels have used negroes from the outset, and impelled them to fight or otherwise as they from time to time saw fit. They never thought their fighting objectionable until they began to fight on our side. But common sense suffices to teach that he who uses them for one belligerent purpose cannot say that his adversary shall not use them for another. The laws of war countenance no such absurdity.

The President's preliminary Proclamation promptly elicited a yell of rage and fear from the rebel Congress. It decreed (in substance) that all White officers of Black regiments in the Union service who should be taken prisoners, should be hanged, while the soldiers themselves should be handed over to the rebel States, to be killed or enslaved as those States should decide.

They began killing Black Unionists at the battle of Murfreesboro so early as the 31st of Dec. last—before the President's Emancipation Proclamation had been issued. Those Unionists were teamsters and servants only, not combatants; but the rebel cavalry, having made its way to our rear and fallen upon our wagon-train, killed all the Blacks it could lay hands on.

At several subsequent encounters, especially upon the capture of one or more of our steamboat transports in the Cumberland River, the same policy of killing every negro captured from us was persisted in.

It was followed up at Gen. Banks's first attack on Port Hudson. Every negro captured from us was at once hung up. Our negro soldiers were at once authorized to hang two White Rebels for every one of them. At Milliken's Bend, where the rebels had at first the advantage, they killed their Black prisoners, including the wounded: when the scale turned, and *we* took prisoners, the negroes served them the same way.

We have condemned the burning of dwellings by Montgomery's men in South Carolina. We consider that bad policy, at all events. But it is now understood to be by order of the Government, and a retribution which the Rebels have brought upon themselves. It must be remembered that every Black soldier in the Union service and every officer commanding such soldiers fight in their shroud—that the Rebels will receive no flag from such, and give them no quarter.

Now then, we abhor and execrate all atrocities in war. We believe in mitigating its horrors to the greatest possible extent. But humanity and mercy on one side must be reciprocated, or it will not answer. We demand a recognition and obedience on all sides of the humaner laws of War; but if the Rebels repudiate these for the older and sterner rule—"Woe to the conquered!"—on their heads be the guilt, and theirs the just execrations of Christendom.—*New York Tribune.*

A morning paper, noted for its rebel sympathies, has been greatly exercised for several days about the raids which have been made by the national troops into the heart of rebeldom. It condemns the plundering and destruction of rebel property, and says:

"In sober truth, the men who plunder rebels learn to forget whatever good was once in them, and require only the opportunity to plunder anybody. What ultimate success can we expect, while such doings are permitted by the Government, which, so far as we see, never remonstrates?"

It is a little singular that the newspaper which is so sensitive about the raids into the Southern States, and mourns over the plundering of rebels, has no word of condemnation for the rebel pirates, who have destroyed millions of strictly private property on the high seas. There is no excuse for such raids. They are for the mere wanton destruction of property—not of what goes to feed or support an enemy's army—but the fruits of peaceful commerce. There is a peculiar meanness in the depredations of the pirate Tacony, for fishing vessels are usually respected by belligerents as the property of poor men. The mispleed sympathy and mawkish sentiment which whines over the plunder of rebels while chronicling the devastations of this freebooter, is a direct insult to an outraged commercial community.—*Boston Journal.*

WHAT THE DEMOCRATIC POLITICIANS WANT.

The *World*, yesterday morning, laid down the platform of its party in a few words:

"The object of the democratic party is to get the present Administration out of power. When that is accomplished the time will have come for the declaration of an affirmative policy, but not until then. The opposition must all unite against the common enemy, and then settle its own differences afterwards."

That is to say, while the nation is doing its utmost to crush an enemy who threatens its life, the politicians who call themselves the Democratic party, and who manage that organization for their own profit, are only laboring to "get the present Administration out of power." The object of our soldiers in the field is to put down the rebellion—but "the object of the Democratic party," according to the *World*, is something entirely different; it is to secure office to the friends of James Buchanan and John B. Floyd. The object of Grant, and his Illinois, Iowa and Missouri troops, is to reopen the Mississippi—but the object of the hack politicians for whom the *World* speaks is to get back the Government into the hands of those whose imbecility or halting patriotism enabled the rebels to close that river. The object of Rosecrans and his gallant army is to redeem loyal East Tennessee from the tyranny of the rebels; but the object of the "democratic party," is seems, is only to get the spoils of office for men who have encouraged these rebels. The object of Hooker and his army is to crush the rebel power in Virginia; but the object of Seymour, Wood, Vallandigham and Rynders is, it seems, quite different. They are not anxious to put down the rebellion, if we may believe the *World*; they do not care about the dangers which beset the country; their "object is to get the present Administration out of power." What a noble ambition fires the souls of these pure patriots!

But how do they propose to achieve this end? By showing themselves more devoted to the Union than the Administration and its supporters? by displaying a more uncompromising hostility to traitors and rebels? by the greater and more ready sacrifice of themselves and their goods for the cause of the Union? Do they mean to work their way to office by means of their honest, loud-spoken determination to save the country at all hazards? Not at all. They do not mean to put forth any general principles; they have no "affirmative policy," as the *World* calls it. They mean to gather under their banner all the disappointed, all the treasonable and semi-treasonable, all the cowardly and all the silly elements in American society; and by a fusion of these, under the name of democrats, they hope to win.

They shrewdly remember that in every time of war there must be blunders, vexations, delays, and peculations by rascally agents, which cause dissatisfaction among the people. They remember that in the free States there remains a small party, a remnant of the Breckinridge party, which is opposed to the war, and would stop it. They believe that when the conscription comes to be made, this will increase the popular dissatisfaction. They mean to unite all these different elements, just as at the last election in this State, native Americans and Irishmen, peace men and war men, were gathered together to elect as Governor a candidate who spoke first for peace, then for war; who blew now hot, now cold; whose words at one time caused rejoicing in Richmond, while in his next speech he reassured the alarmed war men whom he found it necessary to conciliate.

To unite such discordant elements requires much management, the most skilful trimming, and, above all, no declaration of principles. That would be fatal. For this reason the *World* forbids, in authoritative tones, an "affirmative policy" till after the present Administration is put out of place. "When that is accomplished," says the *World*, "the time will have come for the declaration of an affirmative policy, *but not till then.*" For the present, say these shrewd managers, we have a difficult task. We have to conciliate peace men without too greatly offending war men; we shall be defeated unless we stick to Vallandigham and Wood; but we cannot afford, either, to stand on their peace platform, for that would ruin us. Thus they speculate—these unhappy beings; and finally determine that, to use once more the words of the *World*, "the opposition must all unite against the common enemy, and then settle its own differences afterwards."

That is to say, the opposition must support Vallandigham in Ohio, and Fernando Wood in New York, and Jeff Davis in the Southern States—these are all united against what the *World* naively calls "the common enemy."

The truth is, that the democratic party leaders are hungering for office, and in their greed scarcely know how to behave themselves decently. They are determined to have office at all hazards; but they feel that the country is going through a great purification, and that their prospects for political success grow less every day. They know that the American people are tired of their misrule, their corruption, and their unprincipled statesmanship, which inflicted upon us our present troubles. But like leeches they hang on, and will not be put off.

But they are too late; like their friends, the rebel slaveholders, they may gain temporary successes, though oftener through the blunders of their opponents than by their own strength; they may elect the vacillating Seymour in New York, or the open foe of Union, Vallandigham, in Ohio; but the day of this political tribe, which too long misruled the country, has gone by. Their old cries are beginning to be laughed at. Men no longer fear to be called Abolitionists, when Vallandigham and Beauregard, the *World* and the Richmond *Enquirer* unite in applying the name. Every day the war continues, more thoroughly breaks the power of the slaveholders, on which these false leaders of the democratic party have so long depended for even political existence. They can hope for no help from them, for they and their system are getting ground to powder in the awful mill of war. And when once peace comes, the people of the South, the slaveholders, will make themselves heard and felt in the political questions of the country; they will form an element which will overwhelm with scorn those northern politicians who have so long served the slaveholders, and who are still ready to serve them.—*New York Evening Post.*

"ALWAYS DEMOCRATIC, CONSEQUENTLY ALWAYS LOYAL."

The Copperheads of Chicago, in calling a public meeting to denounce General Burnside for suppressing the *Times*, a disloyal sheet published in that city, speak of it, and papers like it, as "*always democratic, consequently always loyal.*" The meanness and malignity of these Copperheads are only equalled by their impudence.

It is not true, in fact, that *true* democracy even, and loyalty, are always so related that the latter is a consequent of the former. True democracy, in the past history of the world, has very frequently been disloyal to "the powers that be," and has been rebellious and *revolutionary*. It was so with our own fore-fathers; it has been so with the democracies of Europe, and it will always be so when democracy makes the final appeal to force, between itself and despotism. Democracy means power with the people. The democrat, in the days of the American Revolution, was disloyal to George III.; in Poland, he is to-day disloyal to the Emperor of Russia. True democracy is only loyal to the rights of the people. Hence, in our present struggle, in which a free government, based on popular rights, is assaulted by armed rebels endeavoring to overthrow it, and to establish a despotism where the few shall make merchandise of the many, and where the "rights of the people" shall be only a myth and a delusion,—meaning the so-called rights of the oppressor over his victim; hence, we say, in this struggle, true democracy is and must be on the side of loyalty. But, unfortunately, it is not this kind of democracy that these traitors at Chicago mean. Their "democracy" is that sham, bogus, base affair, which, for so long a time, has brought the very term itself into reproach. It is that counterfeit "democracy" which in this country, for the last thirty years, has played into the hands of tyranny. It is that ignoble "democracy" which spits upon the teachings of Thomas Jefferson, while it reveres those of John C. Calhoun. It is that bastard "democracy" whose fathers, and leaders, and guides, and supporters are now in arms against the Government. It is that sneaking, cowardly "democracy" which, at the North, does nothing but find fault with the Government, and shed tears over the woes of traitors. It is that ineffably mean and degraded "democracy" which cares nothing for country and native land—nothing for the success of our armies—nothing for the great interest of humanity at stake—but is solely engrossed with the fancied "wrongs" of some miserable traitor and scoundrel, whom the Government, in its excessive tenderness, has sent South, instead of hanging up by the neck until he is dead. Such is the "democracy" which these Chicago Copperheads would have us believe is synonymous with loyalty. On the contrary, it is synonymous with disloyalty, and everything which a noble and high-minded and patriotic man should spurn. It is more despicable than open rebellion, because it is so *cowardly*. The open rebel, who perils his life for the cause which he has espoused, may at least command that degree of respect which courage inspires; but, for these sneaking traitors, who enjoy the protection of the very government which they assail; who, by "freedom of speech," mean freedom to speak just as Jeff. Davis and the rebels would have them speak; and whose highest idea of "liberty" is the liberty of doing all that they can for the success of the rebellion; for *these* creatures, the popular instinct has coined the popular name—synonymous at once of malignity and cowardice—"*Copperheads.*"

"Always democratic! consequently always loyal!" What party repealed the Missouri Compromise, and inaugurated anew the fearful agitation of the slavery question? What party wrote the early history of Kansas in blood? What party endeavored to force the Lecompton Constitution upon an unwilling people? What party elected that imbecile old traitor, who sat in the President's chair month after month, refusing to lift a finger while State after State seceded, and rebels were arming for war all over the South? Who put that public thief, old Floyd, into a place where he could steal all the arms of the nation, and put them in the hands of traitors?

"Always democratic, consequently always loyal"! Where is the democratic party which used to carry the whole South year after year? Where are the old democratic leaders, Jeff. Davis, Hunter, Mason, Slidell, Toombs, Floyd, and Breckinridge? The rebel armies are, to-day, made up, rank and file—the rebel government run, from President down—the cause of the rebellion sustained, North and South—by men who have always been "democratic." Had it not been for men who were "always democratic," we should never have had any rebellion at all; and were it not for men who have "always been democratic," that rebellion would to-day perish for want of support. Were it not for the ignorance, the vice, the crime, and the debasement of those, who, from being "always democratic," have become so steeped in love of party as to be incapable of love of country, we should, to-day, have no Copperheads at the North;—and we should have had no such traitorous "fire in the rear" as those Chicago fanatics are trying to get up.—*Kansas City Journal of Commerce.*

VALLANDIGHAM NOMINATED.

On the 11th inst., the democracy, in Convention assembled, *ratified* the nomination of Catiline L. Vallandigham, previously made by their dear Southern brethren. Vallandigham is a man after their heart, and the rebels can see in him as great perfection as in Jeff. Davis himself. They sent word to the copperheads of the North, through their public prints, that they *desired* Vallandigham to be next Governor of Ohio, and they, with a view to that end, *nominated* him for that position, and the Columbus convention, in compliance with their *demands*, *ratified* the will of the Chatanooga traitors.

Vallandigham is willing to surrender the Government into the hands of traitors, by compromise. That suits the rebels, and Ohio copperheads therefore endorse it.

Vallandigham is in favor of an armistice to accomplish that purpose. So are the rebels, and Northern copperheads agree with them.

Vallandigham, in Congress and out of it, did everything in his power to embarrass the Government in the prosecution of the war to a successful termination. That pleased the rebels, and the Ohio copperheads rejoiced with them.

Vallandigham boasted that, as a Congressman, he never voted a man or a dollar for the subjugation of the rebellion, and he never would. That was in accordance with the will of the traitors, and the copperheads sanctioned it.

Vallandigham declared that, if any troops were to march through his District in defence of Washington or the country from rebel invasion, or in any way against the rebels, they would have to tramp over his dead body. That the traitors cheered as courageous, and the Ohio copperheads prolonged the echo.

Vallandigham was stoned out of an Ohio camp of soldiers, because he was a traitor and in sympathy with the rebels of the South, in heart and act. His southern admirers cursed our brave soldiers for such ill treatment of their friend, and the copperheads of the North said amen.

Vallandigham was banished from the State as a traitor, and after getting into the homes and fuller confidence of the southern rebels in Mississippi, Virginia and elsewhere, and they had a chance to compare notes, they nominated him as the Democratic Governor of Ohio, and the copperheads *ratified* the nomination.—*Salem (Ohio) Republican.*

THE REASON WHY.

The recent suppression of the Chicago *Times* by a life-long Democratic General has occasioned considerable fluttering among the sympathizers, but the reasons for such summary action has probably not been fully understood. We have never seen any account of any new demonstration on the part of the *Times* to lead to its sudden suppression, and, consequently, are the more ready to credit the statement of the Chicago *Tribune*, which says that a gentleman from Kentucky, whose opportunities for knowing whereof he affirms have been unusually good, tells us that Gen. Burnside says that since he came to the West, his whole time has been consumed in undoing the mischief that the secession journals have made. That the putting down of disturbances consequent upon the attempted arrest of deserters, the ferreting out of Northern men who are acting as spies for the Southern enemy, the correspondence which anticipated outbreaks in Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois, and the thousand and one other labors which disloyalty has imposed upon him, have completely filled his hands, and that he has not had a moment for anything else. Tired of these needless duties, he formed the resolution to strike the evil at its source, to silence at one blow the treasonable utterances, and to stifle the disloyal sympathies that were the cause of all these discouragements that he had to encounter; and, in pursuance of this resolution, he singled out the Chicago Copperhead organ as the wickedest and most venomous of all organs of malignancy as the object of attack.—*Hastings Banner.*

A NEW EMANCIPATION PLAN.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, for July, contains an elaborate and ingenious dissertation, by Hon. Robert Dale Owen, upon that section of the U. S. Constitution which relates to "PERSONS HELD TO SERVICE OR LABOR." Here is the concluding portion of it:—

Let us proceed a step farther, and inquire if there be circumstances, and if so, what circumstances, under which it becomes the right and the duty of Congress to take and cancel the claims in question.

The controlling circumstances which bear upon this case may be thus briefly stated:

1. The Constitution (section 8) confers on Congress certain essential powers; as, to collect taxes, without which no government can be supported.

2. The Constitution (same section) authorizes Congress to "make all laws that shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution" these powers.

3. If Congress fail to carry into execution these powers, the Government is set at naught, and anarchy ensues.

4. An insurrection, extending over eleven of the States comprising the Union, now prevails.

5. Because of that insurrection, the essential powers granted to Congress by the Constitution cannot be carried into execution in these eleven States.

6. Because of the resistance offered by these insurrectionary States to Constitutional powers, it becomes the duty of Congress to pass all laws that are necessary and proper to enforce these powers.

All this will be conceded; but a question remains. Who is to judge what laws are necessary and proper to carry into execution the powers, expressly granted by the Constitution, which are thus obstructed and defeated?

This question has been determined by the highest legal tribunal of the United States, speaking by the mouth of one who will be acknowledged to have been her most distinguished presiding officer.

In the well-known case of McCulloch against the State of Maryland,* Chief-Justice Marshal delivered the decision of the Supreme Court; and by that decision the following principles were established:—

1. The construction of the words "necessary and proper," in the above connection. The Chief-Justice says,—

"The term 'necessary' does not import an absolute physical necessity, so strong that one thing to which another may be termed necessary cannot exist without that other."

2. As to the degree of the necessity which renders constitutional a law framed to carry a constitutional power into execution, the rule by this decision

"If a certain means to carry into effect any of the powers expressly given by the Constitution to the Government of the Union be an appropriate measure, not prohibited by the Constitution, the degree of its necessity is a question of legislative discretion, not of judicial cognizance."

3. But still more explicitly is the question answered, who is to be the judge of the appropriateness and necessity of the means to be employed, thus:—

"The Government which has a right to do and act, and has imposed upon it the duty of performing that act, must, according to the dictates of reason, be allowed to select the means."

Thus, then, the matter stands. The powers to lay and collect taxes, to exercise authority over forts and arsenals of the United States, to suppress insurrection, and various others equally essential, are expressly given by the Constitution to Congress. It is the right and duty of Congress to carry these powers into effect. In case of obstruction or defeat of existing laws framed to that intent, it is the right and duty of Congress to select such means and pass such additional laws as may be necessary and proper to overcome such obstruction, and enforce obedience to such laws. In the selection of the means to effect this constitutional object, Congress is the sole judge of their propriety or necessity. These means must not be prohibited by the Constitution; but whether they are the most prudent or the most effectual means, or in what degree they are necessary, are matters over which the Supreme Court has no jurisdiction. As Chief-Justice Marshal has

* February term, 1819. 4 Wheaton's Report, 316. Unwilling to multiply words, I pray reference to the decision elf.

elsewhere in this decision expressed it, for the Supreme Court to undertake to inquire into the degree of their necessity "would be to pass the line which circumscribes the judicial department, and to tread on legislative ground."

There must, of course, be congruity or relevancy between the power to be enforced, and the means proposed to enforce it. While Congress is to judge the degree of necessity or propriety of these means, they must not be such as to be devoid of obvious connection with the object to be attained.

In this case, the object to be attained is the enforcement, in the insurrectionary States, of laws without which no government can exist, and the suppression in these States of an insurrection of which the object is the dismemberment of the Union.

But these laws are resisted, and this insurrection prevails, in those States, and in those States only, in which the life-long claims to the service or labor of persons of African descent are held under State laws. In States where slaves are comparatively few, as in Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, disaffection only prevails; while in States where the number of slaves approaches or exceeds that of whites, as in South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, insurrection against lawful authority is flagrant and outspoken: the insurrectionary acts of these States being avowedly based on the allegation that slavery is not safe under the present constitutionally elected President, and that its permanent preservation can be insured by the disruption of the national unity alone.*

All this is matter of history. And there would be as much propriety in denying the connection between the sun and the light of day, as that between Slavery and the Rebellion.

There *is* a question upon which men differ: namely, whether emancipation is the most prudent or the most effectual means to enforce violated law, and suppress the insurrectionary movement.

It is my opinion that a majority of the people of the loyal States believe, at this moment, that emancipation is the necessary and proper means to effect the above objects. But whether this opinion be well founded or not, is immaterial to the present question. According to Chief-Justice Marshall's decision, when it is the right and duty of the Government to perform an act, (as here to enforce law and suppress insurrection,) it "must, according to the dictates of reason, be allowed to select the means." If Congress believes that, in order to enforce law and suppress insurrection, it is necessary and proper to take and cancel all claims to life-long service or labor held in the Slave States, and if claims to service or labor, whether for years or for life, held by one inhabitant of the United States against another, be a species of property not specially exempted by the Constitution from seizure for public use, then an Act of Emancipation is strictly constitutional.

Congress is to be allowed to select the means; Congress is to be the Judge of the necessity and propriety of these means; Congress, not the Supreme Court; not even the People in their primary meetings; but the People constitutionally represented in their National Legislature; the People, speaking by the voice of those whom their votes have elected to that Legislature, there to act for them.

If Congress believes that emancipation is no longer a question of sectional interference, but of national preservation, it has the right to judge, and the constitutional right to act upon that judgment. And if Congress can properly allege, as motive for taking and cancelling a multitude of life-long claims to service, the preservation of the national existence, can a consideration of greater magnitude be imagined for any legislative act?

In proceeding, however, to consummate such a measure, it is evidently most fitting and proper that, in the preamble to an Act of Emancipation, there should be set forth, lucidly and succinctly, the causes and considerations which impelled to so solemn and momentous an act.

As to the just compensation provided by the Constitution to be paid, when private property is taken for public use, it is here to be remarked,—

1. If, when a minor is drafted, a father or an apprentice-master has no claim against the Government for service lost, it may be argued with some plausibility that, under similar circumstances of public exigency, a slave-owner has no claim when his slave is freed. But the argument fairly applies only in cases in which a slave is drafted for military service, and returned to slavery when that service terminates. In case of wholesale taking and cancelling of life-long claims to service, a fair construction of the Constitution may be held to require, as a general rule, that just compensation should be made to the claimants.

2. But to Congress, by the Constitution, is expressly given the power to declare the punishment of treason, without any limitation as to the confiscation of personal property, including, of course, claims in the nature of choses in action. Congress may, therefore, take and cancel claims to service owned by Rebel slave-owners without any compensation whatever. Under the feudal law, a serf, owing service to a noble guilty of treason, became, because of his master's guilt, released from such service.

3. If, because of the present insurrection, set on foot by claimants of service or labor, such claims, from precariousness of tenure or otherwise, have diminished in market-value, that diminution may be properly taken into account in estimating just compensation.

These various considerations converge to this,—that a Preamble and Act of Emancipation, somewhat in the terms following, may be constitutionally enacted.

A Bill to Emancipate persons of African Descent held to Service or Labor in certain of the United States.

Whereas, there is now flagrant, in certain of the United States, an insurrection of proportions so gigantic that there has been required, to hold it in check, an increase of the army and navy of the United States to an extent seldom paralleled in the history of the world;

And whereas, because of the said insurrection, the execution of the laws for collecting taxes, and of various other laws of the United States, heretofore enacted by the Congress in the just exercise of their constitutional powers, has been, for more than two years past, and still is, obstructed and defeated throughout the insurrectionary States;

And whereas, it is the right and duty of Congress to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the said constitutional powers;

And whereas, the said insurrectionary portions of the Union consist exclusively of States wherein persons of African descent are held to involuntary service or labor,—the white inhabitants thereof basing their insurrectionary acts upon the assumption that the security and perpetuation of such involuntary servitude require the disruption of the national unity, and the establishment, on a portion of the domain of the United States, of a separate and independent government;

And whereas, a large portion of the said persons of African descent, so held in servitude, contribute greatly, so long as such involuntary services are thus exacted from them, to the aid and comfort of the said insurrectionists, laboring for their behoof on their fortifications, and for the supply of their commissariat, and otherwise giving strength and support to various insurrectionary acts;

And whereas, in an emergency so urgent as that which is now patent to the world, it is the duty of the Congress to place at the disposal of the Executive branch of the Government, for the common defence, the utmost power, civil and military, of the country, and to employ every means not forbidden by the usages of civilized warfare, and not in violation of the Constitution, that is placed within their reach, in order to repress and to bring to a speedy termination the present protracted and desolating insurrection;

And whereas, it appears from the above recitals, that the existence, throughout certain of the United States, of a labor-system which recognizes the claims of one race of men to the involuntary services of another race, (always a moral wrong,) has now shown itself to be destructive of the supremacy of the laws, and a constant menace to the Government, and that the continuance of such labor-system imminently jeopardizes the integrity of the Union, and has become incompatible with the domestic tranquillity of the country;

And whereas, it has thus become evident that claims to the involuntary service or labor of persons of African descent ought not to be possessed by any inhabitant of the United States, but should, in the just exercise of the power which inheres in every independent government to protect itself from destruction by seizing and destroying any private property of its citizens or subjects which imperils its own existence, be taken, as for public use, from their present possessors, and abrogated and annulled,—just compensation being made to so many of the said possessors of such claims as may demand it, and as may by their loyalty be entitled thereto, for the claims so abrogated and annulled; therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, that from and after the —— day of —— next, all claims to the services or labor of persons of African descent, who shall then be held to involuntary service or labor in any of the States of the Union under the laws thereof, be and the same are hereby taken by the Government of the United States. And the said claims are hereby abrogated and annulled. And all persons of African descent within the United States, who shall, on the said —— day of —— next, be held to involuntary service or labor, except for crime of which the party shall have been legally convicted, shall be released and emancipated from such claims in as full and complete a manner as if the same had never existed; the said release and emancipation to take effect from and after the said —— day of ——, thenceforth and forevermore.

And be it further enacted, that the faith of the United States be, and the same is hereby pledged for the payment of just compensation to all persons who shall, on the said —— day of ——, hold such claims to service or labor; provided, that such persons shall make application for such compensation in the form and manner hereinafter prescribed, and provided further, that said persons shall have been, throughout the present insurrection, and continue to the close of the same, true and loyal to the Government of the United States, and shall not, directly or indirectly, have incited to insurrectionary acts, or given aid or comfort to any persons engaged in the insurrection aforesaid.

[Here should follow provisions in regard to the manner of application, the mode and rate of compensation, etc.]

It will probably be found that the number of slaves for the remuneration of whose lost services applications will be made by loyal claimants, under such an act, will scarcely reach the number emancipated in 1834 by Great Britain, which was about seven hundred and seventy thousand; and that the sum paid by England to colonial slave-owners, namely, about a hundred millions of dollars, (the probable cost of eight weeks' war,) will suffice as just compensation for all the services due to loyal claimants thus taken and cancelled.*

An act couched in the terms here proposed could not be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, without a shameless encroachment on legislative ground, nor without a reckless reversal of principles as well established, and of as high authority, as any which form the basis of constitutional law.

Those who demur to the passage of an act which meets the great difficulty before us broadly, effectually, honestly, and in accordance with the dictates of Christianity and civilization, would do well to consider whether, in the progress of this insurrectionary upheaval, we have not reached a point at which there is no prudent alternative left. By the President's Proclamation, some three millions of slaves have been already declared free. Sundry laws of Congress have emancipated several hundred thousands more. There remain legally enslaved probably less than three quarters of a million,—chiefly scattered along a narrow border-strip that is coterminous, North and South, with Freedom or Emancipation,—partly dotted in isolated parishes or counties, surrounded by enfranchised slaves. Can we maintain in perpetuity so anomalous a condition of things? Clearly not. At every step, embarrassments innumerable obstruct our progress. No industry, no human sagacity, would suffice to determine the ten thousand conflicting questions that must arise out of such a chaos. Must the history of each negro be followed back, so as to determine his *status*, whether slave or free? If negroes emancipated in insurrectionary States are sold as slaves into Border States, or into excepted parishes or counties, can we expect to trace the transaction? If slaves owned in Border States, or in excepted parishes or counties, are sold to loyal men in insurrectionary States, are they still slaves? or do they become free? Are we to admit, or to deny, the constitutionality of Border-State laws, which arrest, and imprison as vagrants, and sell into slavery to pay expenses of arrest and imprisonment, free negro emigrants from insurrectionary States?† But why multiply instances? The longer this twilight of groping transition lasts, it will be only confusion the worse confounded.

We cannot stand still. Shall we recede? We break faith solemnly plighted; we submit, before the world, to base humiliation; we bow down to a system which the voice of all Christendom condemns; we abandon the struggle for nationality, and consent, for ages, perhaps, to a dismembered country. Shall we advance? There is but one path—the plain, truth-lighted, onward path—to victory and to peace.

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* The Secession Ordinance passed the Convention of South Carolina December 20, 1860. The next day, December 21, the Convention adopted the "Declaration of Causes" which led to that secession. This document declares, as to the non-slaveholding States, that they have "denounced as sinful the institution of slavery"; that they have "united in the election of a man to the high office of President of the United States whose opinions and purposes are hostile to slavery," and who declares that "the public mind must rest in the belief that slavery is in the course of ultimate extinction." And it winds up with this assertion: "All hope of remedy is rendered vain by the fact, that the public opinion of the North has invested a great political error with the sanctions of a more erroneous religious belief."

These, first put forth by South Carolina, afterwards endorsed by each seceding State, are the causes officially declared to have produced, and which are held to justify, the present insurrection.

* The exact number of slaves emancipated in the British colonies was 770,390; and the total amount of indemnity was £19,950,066 sterling.

† If, hereafter, Attorney-General Bates's decision, that a free negro is a citizen, be sustained by the Supreme Court, then, should the question come up before it, the State laws above referred to will be declared unconstitutional. But, meanwhile, they have not been so declared, and are in force.

The negro-excluding laws of Indiana and Illinois are in the same category.

A PEACE DEMOCRAT'S CREED.

A peace Democrat is one who believes in the doctrine of State Rights, as interpreted at the South—that is, that Southern States have rights, while Northern States have none. South Carolina has a right to imprison citizens of Massachusetts, but Massachusetts has no right to remonstrate. A Southern State has a right to array her citizens in arms against the Government of the United States, but the Northern States may not call upon her sons to defend it.

He believes in the rights of man, but the most sacred of these rights—indeed, the only one worth mentioning—is the right to take from other men their rights.

He believes in maintaining the Constitution as it is interpreted by rebels in arms to destroy it.

He believes all men to be equal before the law—especially he believes the poor man to be the equal of the rich man, the laborer to be as good as the capitalist; yet he actively and cordially sympathizes with those who deluge his country in blood, because they are too good gentlemen to submit to the election of a rail-splitter.

He believes the Democratic party to have a divine right to govern the country, whether it has a majority of votes or not, and he is convinced that the question, which is the "Democratic" party of the country at the present crisis, is absolutely determined by the name which itself has assumed. Call a horse "Spry," and you can safely bet upon him for speed.

He calls it fair play to go to an election, and refuse to abide by its clear result. He likes the views of a two-fisted countrymen of Rob Roy, who played cards with some Hebrews, and lost his money. He at once seized the "pile," and shook his fist at his fellow-gamblers, saying, "Dom me, ye are all enemies of our Lord!"

He thinks the United States have a right to steal Cuba, and no right to prevent Kentucky from being stolen from us.

These several points on belief show of what a solid basis of consistent intelligence the faith of the peace Democrat rests.—*Boston Transcript.*

SHAMELESS REBELS PREACHING PEACE TO THE NORTH. The Troy *Times* says there were men on the stands at Wood's meeting, in New York, whose homes and citizenship are in seceded States. They are not refugees and loyalists, but supporters of the dogma of disunion and defenders of rebellion. Black with the iniquity of treason—fresh from hunting down their neighbors who cling to the old flag—their hands, perhaps, stained with the blood of Northern patriots, who have fallen in the fore-front of battle—these infamous wretches had the unparalleled hardihood to stand forth before an audience in the commercial metropolis of the country, and declare that the nation has no right to existence; that for the Government to battle in its behalf is a crime. And shame to us that we have to record it—there were Northern men by hundreds and thousands, who not only tamely listened to this monstrous doctrine, but actually applauded it. And Copperhead newspapers enough are found to glorify that gathering of traitors.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1863.

FOURTH OF JULY!
ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION.

The regular annual Mass Meeting of the Friends of Freedom will be held under the auspices of the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at the Grove in Framingham, SATURDAY, July 4th, 1863.

This annual gathering of the tried and unfaltering friends of universal emancipation,—and, consequently, the truest and most reliable friends of our common country in every hour of peril and suffering,—has never failed to bring a host together from all parts of the Commonwealth; and in such a crisis as the present, while the struggle between the forces of freedom and those of slavery continues to alternate and linger with such uncertainty, it surely cannot be necessary to make an urgent appeal to secure the largest attendance at the Framingham Grove on the approaching anniversary. It will be a celebration worthy of the event it commemorates, and worthy of this eventful and momentous period, in the highest degree. The place of meeting is a consecrated one, and hallowed by heart-stirring memories of the past.

Among the expected speakers are WM. L. GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. Mr. RICHARDSON, of Worcester, WM. WELLS BROWN, CHARLES LENOX REMOND, A. T. FOSS, E. H. HEYWOOD, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, F. B. SANBORN, Esq., and others.

Trains will be run on the Boston and Worcester Railroad, and Branches, as follows:—Leave Boston at 9.15, and Worcester at 9.40 A. M., stopping at Way Stations; Millbury, regular train; Milford, at 7.10 and 9,45: Northboro' at 7; Marlboro' at 7.15.

Fare to the Grove and back:—From Boston, Worcester and Millbury, 80 cents for adults, 40 cents for children; from Grafton, adults, 70 cents, children, 35 cents; from Milford, Milford Branch, (except Holliston,) Northboro', Marlboro', Wellesley, Grantville, Cordaville, Southboro', and Westboro', 60 cents for adults, 30 cents for children; from Natick, Hollston and Ashland, adults, 45 cents, children, 25 cents.

Returning, leave the Grove for Boston, Milford and Worcester, at 6, P. M. For Way Stations above Framingham, (except Westboro',) 4.45. For Northboro' Branch, at 5.30 P. M.

Admission fee to the enclosure of the Grove, for those *not* coming by the cars, adults, 15 cents, children, 10 cents. Those who come by railroad admitted free.

No Fireworks allowed in the enclosure of the Grove.

The House at the Grove will be open for Refreshments.

☞ In case of rain, the meeting will be held in Waverley Hall, opposite the Railroad Depot at South Framingham.

NO COMPROMISE WITH THE REBELS.

It is known to our readers, that the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, late editor of *The Commonwealth*,—an eloquent and courageous son of the Old Dominion, but long since exiled from his native home for his uncompromising opposition to slavery,—is now in England, witnessing to the nefarious nature and purpose of the Southern rebellion, and sustaining the cause of American loyalty and liberty against the secession element in that country. It was with great pleasure we gave him letters of recommendation to our English coadjutors, in view of what he had suffered and sacrificed for those in bondage, and his familiarity with slavery from his childhood to adult age. He has been assiduously at work since he arrived in England, both with his voice and pen, to accomplish the philanthropic and patriotic object he had in view; and various letters from his pen have already appeared in the *Commonwealth*, characteristic of his racy and descriptive style. No such *Southern* opponent of the "peculiar institution" has ever before personally addressed the people of that fast-anchored isle.

We are greatly surprised and perplexed, however, to learn by the latest intelligence, that Mr. Mason, Envoy of the Confederate States, had sent to the London *Times* a correspondence which had just taken place between Mr. Conway and himself, in which Mr. C. informed Mr. M. that he "is authorised, *on the part of the anti-slavery people of America*, who have sent him to this country, to propose that, if the Confederate States will immediately commence the work of negro emancipation, the Abolitionists and the anti-slavery leaders of the Northern States shall at once oppose the further prosecution of the war; and since they hold the balance of power, they will cause the war to cease by an immediate withdrawal of every kind of supplies." Mr. Mason replied to this by saying the proposition is worthy of the gravest consideration, and requests Mr. Conway to produce his credentials. To this request, Mr. Conway answers that he will send to America for them. Mr. Mason, on receipt of Mr. Conway's reply, terminated the correspondence by saying *it would perhaps interest the Abolitionists to learn that they had a delegate there prepared to enter into a compromise on the slavery question.* Mr. Mason, however, replied to the question, whether the Confederate States would consent to the emancipation of their negroes on the terms stated in Mr. Conway's letter, by asserting that the Northern States would never be in a position to put this question to the South, nor would the South ever be in a position to give an answer to it.

This correspondence is of so extraordinary and grave a character, that we feel called upon explicitly to say, in behalf of the Abolitionists with whom we are identified, that they have not been guilty of such folly and presumption as to authorize any such proposition to be made to Mr. Mason; nor will they be inclined to forward any endorsement of it to Mr. Conway, who is in England on his own responsibility alone, representing the Anti-Slavery cause no further than does every other sincere and unflinching friend of freedom who desires to see the rebellion speedily suppressed, and slavery as speedily abolished.

There are at least three weighty reasons why the Abolitionists could not make any overture of this nature to the Confederate traitors, especially through the infamous author of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The first reason is, that no reliance is to be placed upon the word of those who stand before the world black with perfidy and treason, and in the most dreadful sense as *hostes humani generis.* Having long since proved themselves capable of telling any falsehood, however stupendous, practising any deception, however detestable, and breaking any pledge, however solemnly made, it would be the height of infatuation to suppose them morally capable of carrying out any stipulation for the emancipation of their wretched bondmen.

The second reason is, that as they commenced and are carrying on the war expressly and avowedly to gain wider scope and obtain better security for their cherished slave system,—and seek their independence on no other ground,—to approach them with an overture for immediate emancipation as the method of terminating the struggle, and securing their recognition as an independent confederacy, is to be lacking in self-respect, and to justify them in resenting it as an insult and a mockery.

The third reason is, that the Federal Government has already decreed, "FOREVER," *the liberation of all the slaves in the Confederate States*, and stands solemnly pledged before Heaven and mankind to enforce that decree in suppressing the rebellion. It is, therefore, not only an act of supererogation, but an imputation upon the Government, to solicit the traitors to do that, to screen themselves from punishment, and to enable them to achieve a final confederate triumph, which has already been wisely and constitutionally done by President Lincoln to save the republic!

Our friend Conway has erred in assuming to speak in this matter in the name of the Abolitionists.

WHO IS IT?

DEAR MR. GARRISON—The last arrival from England represents Mr. Conway as having written to Mr. Commissioner Mason, in London, to the following effect, namely: that he (Mr. Conway) has been authorized "by the anti-slavery people of the North" to make this proposition: that if the Confederate States will immediately commence measures for the abolition of slavery, "the anti-slavery leaders" will at once oppose the prosecution of the war, and will cause it to be brought to an end.

In common with every reader of the *Liberator*, I feel a deep interest in knowing who has authorized such a proposition as this. Certainly, the American Anti-Slavery Society has not done it. Certainly, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has not done it. Certainly, either of those bodies would be disposed to take such ground, even if it supposed itself *able* to stop the prosecution of the war. Who are the "anti-slavery leaders" who would wish to obstruct the legitimate Government of the country in its opposition to an unjustifiable and most wicked insurrection, even apart from the question of slavery? I do not know them, nor one of them.

I, like all Abolitionists, have serious ground of complaint against President Lincoln's administration, in that it has not abolished slavery when the opportunity was fairly given it by the existence of war, and when the welfare of the country, both in war and in the peace which is to follow, would have been immensely promoted by that measure. But the grounds of complaint we have against the leaders of the seceding States are unspeakably greater. They have not only not abolished slavery, but they have carried it on, strengthened it, protected it, extended it, intrigued for it, lied for it, cheated for it, stolen for it, murdered for it, tortured for it, made war for it, and added new abominations even to war in its behalf. Their history, as spread before the world for the last ten years, gives good ground for the belief that they are the most depraved men existing on the face of the earth. They are a public nuisance. They are the greatest of obstructions to the progress, not of Christianity only, but of civilization. Compared with them, Mr. Lincoln is an angel of light.

I repeat it. Considering this question apart from slavery, looking at it as a contest between the customary course of legitimate government on one side, and the upholders of an insurrection initiated by treachery, perjury, robbery and murder on the other, the Government is right, and the insurgents are wrong. The Abolitionists do not choose the policy of doing evil that good may come; and they would not purchase even the abolition of slavery by entering into alliance with the wrong side in this contest against the right.

But, even if the Abolitionists were base enough to try to compass their end by such means, how absurd would it be to enter into negociations with Mr. Mason and his associates in secession for *any* purpose! As if their word, their promise, their oath, their hand and seal were for a moment, or to the extent of a pin's value, to be depended upon! As if the rights of anybody, slave or freeman, were to be trusted to their keeping! As if one moment's confidence could be placed in their purpose of paying any debt, or fulfilling any obligation whatever! As if the paper on which their engagement to do any thing good was written would not thereby be worse spoiled than by any ordinary stain!

The only way of dealing with men like them is to conquer them; and it is a settled thing that they are to be conquered, unless the nation shall so long persevere in its refusal to do justice to the colored people that both sides, North and South, shall fall and perish together. But we hope for better things. And I hope also that, when the end of the rebellion approaches, Floyd and his accomplices will neither be permitted to steal away from the retribution due to their crimes, nor be honored by suffering the death commonly allotted to traitors. The appropriate destiny for such men would be hard labor for life in a penitentiary. And any small pecuniary avails that might possibly be the result of such labor should be given to some hospital, for the benefit of persons incurably maimed by slave-drivers.

But I have wandered from the subject. Please tell us, if you can, unless this whole affair be a calumnious accusation against Mr. Conway, who authorized him to make such a proposition?—C. K. W.

WHAT HE OUGHT TO DO.

We have news from Newbern that, in order to secure the families of colored troops in that region from all danger of recapture by the enemy, and for the purpose of giving them permanent homes and a chance at education, a colony of them has recently been formed by General Foster on Roanoke island; also that Rev. Horace James, Chaplain and Superintendent of the colored refugees, is now seeking contributions from the people of New York and Boston, to enable them to erect a steam saw and grist mill, and to obtain other materials needful for the colony.

This is one case out of many in which subordinates have done, in their special localities, and with their moderate means, a work which should long ago have been done by the Government in every place occupied by its armies. No one thing is so important to the loyal people of this country, and of course to the officials charged with the administration of their affairs, as to create in the minds of the whole colored population, slave and free, a feeling of confidence that the nation is friendly to them; that the army is on their side; that coöperation with it in every way will be a benefit to themselves as well as to their country; and that their families will not be either left destitute or subjected to insult and outrage while they are meeting the perils of war. The President, for his own sake, not for theirs, has declared a certain proportion of the slaves free. But he has not shown, either by word or act, that hearty disposition to be *friendly* to the colored people which justice and good policy alike require of him.

We are all in debt to this race. They have received, both at the North and the South, enormous injustice at our hands. An opportunity now offers in which, without the humiliation that ordinarily attends a confession of sin, we can set ourselves right in regard to them, and make a practical recognition of them as men and fellow-citizens, having rights equal with our own. And by the very doing of this act of justice, we can gain an ally absolutely indispensable to our success in the existing war. Does not every consideration urge, is there any good reason that opposes, the taking of a course like this?

But the President chooses, for some reason or unreason, to take a different course. He yields to solicitation so far as to commence the formation of negro regiments by the usual slow methods of recruiting, instead of speaking those few words of cordial greeting and official assurance *to the race* which would immediately produce for him hundreds of thousands of volunteers, and inspire those volunteers with a high enthusiasm to meet even the special and preëminent dangers which the war threatens to them. Not a word yet, from him, shows the United States to be on the side of the blacks. Not a word yet, from him, assures those who have already enlisted, that the country which they serve will use her power to secure their rights, or will hold the ferocious wretches against whom they are sent to account for the perpetration of those special outrages which are already threatened, and which have begun to be executed against them. Instead of this, the President is pressing an enrolment and conscription generally unacceptable to the people, and which at best can but produce unwilling (and thus only partially effective) soldiers. Hearty enthusiasm is one of the most important qualifications of an army. Ten lines from the President, addressing the colored people in befitting terms, would not only repair the recent waste of the army, but would do more than all his present force to make the enemy evacuate Pennsylvania. Whenever the slaves throughout the country shall be declared FREE by Executive authority, and whenever black citizens throughout the land shall be invited to join the army in defence of *their* country and *their* government, the scale will be turned in favor of the United States. If a Proclamation to that effect were made now, that act alone would compel the retirement of Lee's army from Pennsylvania. When will the President take this obviously needful step? When will the people unite to require it of him?—C. K. W.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER IS ABROAD.

Gen. Lee uses too long a sword: in thrusting at the heart of Pennsylvania, he pierces his friends the Copperheads in that district and beyond. When rebellion comes over the border, the clamor of the peace faction contracts itself very perceptibly. "I was always," said Cicero, in explaining to Cæsar how he happened to fight on the opposite side at Pharsalia, "I was always an adviser of peace; but then it was too late. For it was madness to think of peace, when the enemy was before us." So the North perceives at this juncture, and hence the expressive silence of the reactionists.

Southern Pennsylvania, like the corresponding portion of the other border Free States, has had the misfortune to be corrupted by its neighborhood to slavery. Perhaps the bulk of its inhabitants belong to the party of Wood and Seymour, though not so much active conspirators as ignorant tools, who serve to lend an appearance of strength to the half-dozen leading disloyal demagogues. The present inroad into their territory may teach these people a lesson which is cheap at the price even of cattle, barns and grain. It is, that the North has been suffering invasion ever since the war broke out. Whoever overlooks this fact is incompetent to understand the nature of our struggle, and throws away the key to the solution of every seeming paradox. The reduction of Sumter, not to say the firing on the *Star of the West*, was the first historical act of aggression, which determined forever the posture of North and South, making this one the assailant, and the former the resistant. That the progress of the conflict has not altered the relation of the combatants is evident from the persistence of the South in her resort to arms, and from the absence on her part of any intention or desire, even, to sue for peace. No occupation of Southern soil, no military success by the North, affects the original position. Is the highwayman any the less the aggressor because the traveller anticipates his blow, or parries it when aimed? Attack is not synonymous with victory, nor from the second can we infer the first. Until, therefore, the South is utterly conquered by force of arms, or surrenders unconditionally from very weakness, she cannot lose the character of invader which she assumed that memorable April day; and any cry for peace not proceeding from her is a cry for subjugation or extinction. "The tranquillity of the State under despotism," said Rousseau, "is the tranquillity of death; it is more destructive than war itself."

The short-sightedness which does not recognize invasion when Lee is on the Rappahannock, is helped to a strong pair of glasses when he appears on the Susquehannah. To be a zealous advocate of peace in behalf of those who are burning your homestead and laying waste your cornfield, is too much even for a Copperhead. If the South wants peace after that, she may ask for it herself, and get it if she can. Fire and sword on the one hand, and a traitor's name on the other, are insufficient wages at this time for rebel sympathizers at the North.

It is a fatal mistake to suppose that peace can be purchased with recognition. The Confederacy might avail itself of these terms for a chance to breathe and recover, but not to remain content with them. Slavery never has relinquished, nor ever can, the object upon which she has once set her heart. She began with meaning to subdue the entire North, and staked her very existence upon the success of her project. Baffled she may be for a time, but never, unless with dying eyes, will she lose the goal from sight. Had simple independence been her object, the way was open. The peaceable secession which Webster declared an impossibility, happily was not attempted, or it would surely have succeeded. In face of the principles on which our Revolution was grounded and consummated, the North would never have undertaken to impose union upon a territory larger than itself, and a people unanimous in the desire to be governed apart; never, though secession because of a defeat at the polls was a monstrous violation of the republican compact, and would have proved a dangerous precedent to the remaining fragment of the nation. But let us rejoice that that which happened was also that which was best. Peaceable secession *was* impossible, because slavery is war, and there is no peace in it; because it lives by aggression; because of two evils, it must always choose the worst. And as it planted, so must it reap. Hereafter, neither as a browbeating equal, nor as a threatening neighbor and rival, is the system to stand by the side of liberty. The contest has begun, rank stands opposed to rank, the cannon thunder, and the prize is life. Neither can consent to less than the other's death. God himself forbids a compromise.—W. P. G.

A LETTER OF THANKS

To the Donors of the Relief sent to the starving Operatives of Lancashire, by the George Griswold and other Ships from the United States.

The Committee of the Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society wish to add their tribute of gratitude to that of others in Britain, for the liberal and generous aid sent from the Northern States of America, at a time when so much national distress prevailed at home, for the succor of the starving operatives of Lancashire.

The deed was in accordance with the highest dictates of Christianity, and of that humanity which recognizes a neighbor and a brother in the sufferer, wherever found, irrespectively of geographical distances and boundaries. It was nobly and generously done, and may the blessing of those who were ready to perish rest on the donors!

We trust we may be permitted to express the hope that this sympathy manifested for the perishing here, is an earnest that those who are perishing among yourselves will also claim your warm and helpful sympathy.

We have heard the pleading voices of thousands of colored refugees from Southern slavery, who have sought the protection of Northern cities and Northern troops—we earnestly desire that they may never seek it in vain. We rejoice to learn that so many have found an asylum of safety, and able and liberal helpers among you. We would gladly return toward them, in some proportion, of your munificence toward us, and unite with you in assisting them in this period of a dark transition state, and in giving them the helping hand till they procure the firm position of free men and women, able to maintain themselves by working for wages, while they gradually acquire such knowledge as will fit them for taking the position of citizens. We rejoice to see their cause watched over by a Commission from your Government, and Committees of liberal and intelligent citizens. Some in our country are uniting in those efforts of humanity which will, we trust, gain more extended sympathy with you and with us.

Earnestly do we hope that, before long, the terrible scourge of war may be put away from your nation by the establishment of *freedom for all*, and that the Most High may restore you to peace and national prosperity in righteousness; and that in great and generous sympathies your country and ours may preserve those friendly relations which are so essential to the well-being of both countries, and to that of all the nations of the earth. We are, in gratitude for your aid, and in earnest desires for your national prosperity,

Yours, etc.,

THE COMMITTEE OF THE EDINBURGH LADIES' EMANCIPATION SOCIETY.

AGNES LILLIE, } *Secretaries.*
ELIZA WIGHAM,

Edinburgh, April 29, 1863.

THE BENEDICT ARNOLDS OF THE NORTH.

DETROIT, (Mich.) June 22, 1863.

DEAR GARRISON—I left Boston Thursday, June 4. Since then, have travelled over one thousand miles, and attended three three-days' Conventions—one at Waterloo, one at Lockport, (N. Y.) and one in Sturgis, (Michigan.) The last Convention began Friday morning, at 10 o'clock, and continued till 11 last night, three sessions per day. After the adjournment of the Convention last night at 11, I took the cars at 12, for this place—160 miles; and reached here about 6. At 8, I take a stage to Farmington, 20 miles, to attend another Convention, that is to close next Sunday, the 28th. By Tuesday morning, June 10th, I am to be in Pekin, Niagara Co., N. Y., 300 miles east of this. Thence I shall work my way to Boston, to attend our celebration of July 4th, at Framingham—to celebrate the day that, for the first time in the history of our race, saw the principle of Human Equality as to Natural Rights—as the basis of civil government—acknowledged. That Declaration, made July 4th, 1776, was the origin, the true *practical* origin, of the great Rebellion and Civil War that now deluges the land in blood, and fills all hearts with anguish. Had our fathers been content with the principle of government as adopted by the kidnappers and traitors of the South, and endorsed by their copperhead sympathizers at the North, that a few are born booted and spurred to ride, and the millions born saddled and bridled to be ridden, there had been no rebellion, nor civil war—at least, none to sustain slavery.

The three Conventions that I have attended, and the one I am to attend, were called by the Friends of Progress, and the leading thought of them all has been—The Rebellion—its cause and cure, and the Republic—its mission and destiny—the dangers that threaten it, and the only way to meet them. One feeling has pervaded these great Conventions—for great they have been, and greatly influential for good to a large population—i. e., that *Slavery must and shall die, and the Republic must and shall live*—as the result of this rebellion. In them all, the one great and lying shout of the Benedict Arnolds of the North, that the North is responsible for the war and its miseries, has been most triumphantly met, and that, too, mainly by the tract containing the extract from the speech of Stephens, the Vice President of the kidnapping Confederacy. It has been shown in them all that the rebellion was concocted, prepared for, solely under *Democratic* rule, with the knowledge and connivance of Democratic Presidents, Judges and Congresses, and that Democratic leaders, such as Davis, Stephens, Young, Foot, Toombs, Rhett, Wise, Mason, Slidell, Floyd, Breckinridge, Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, &c., &c., were the first to begin the war of bullets, and have been its sole conductors in behalf of slavery and the slave trade; and that not one sympathizer of kidnapping and treason—not one Benedict Arnold in all the North—like Wood, Vallandigham, Rynders & Co., but has been a life-long Democratic professor and leader. Not an Abolitionist nor a Republican can be found in all the nation who is on the side of treason, and who is claimed by the slave-trading traitors as an aider and abettor.

These things have been brought out and made manifest to all in our Conventions. As usual, the kidnapping traitors—the Benedict Arnolds—have resorted to wrath, to fury, and to blustering threats, when arguments failed them.

The excitement in Indiana, in Illinois and Ohio, is great—produced by the organized resistance to the Government by the Knights of the Golden Circle—who are banded as *corsairs*, solely to make over this Government and the entire North into the hands of their fellow-traitors and pirates of the South. But all is tending to one issue—to the downfall of slavery, and to the perpetuity of the Republic. Never before has Humanity had so much reason to rejoice over the prospects of Liberty.

A discussion is now going on in the bar-room in which I write, between some soldiers and some Copperhead Democrats—the Copperheads loudly and doggedly asserting that the responsibility rests on the Abolitionists and Republicans. The soldiers are reading to them the speech of Stephens, which I have just handed them, and it is a *rifled cannon*, to blow the Benedict Arnolds to atoms. But they only grow more furious in their wrath, and the soldiers coolly tell them to beware, for there is a limit beyond which their murderous treason will not be allowed to go.

The negro regiments are vastly popular. My soul swells with gratitude to see the tide turning in favor of the abolition of slavery in all the States, and the establishment of the Republic on the principle of equal liberty and justice. God speed the right! With all that is sad and sorrowful, it is heaven to live to see and hear what I do see and hear every day.

Yours, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

☞ "An Historical Research respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers," is the title of a pamphlet of about 200 octavo pages, by George Livermore. This production was originally prepared as a paper to be read before the Massachusetts Historical Society. In that body it received marked commendation from Edward Everett. Mr. Livermore offered to print it at his own expense, and the New England Loyal Publication Society has adopted it as one of its publications, for whom it is issued by A. Williams & Co. The work is a patient and thorough investigation of the whole subject, and is filled with the most interesting and important facts.

A WORD FROM THE NORTHWEST, is the title given to a reprint from the London edition of the forcible letter of Prof. A. D. White of Michigan University, to Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*, on passages in his well-known "Diary." Mr. White handles his subject with vigor and point, and thoroughly exposes the blunders, sophistries and unjust criticism of the prejudiced Englishman. The pamphlet is a valuable document for the day. It may be found at the book stores of Walker, Wise & Co., Ticknor & Fields, and Crosby & Nichols. Also, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 221 Washington Street.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XXXII, is composed of documents extending from October, 1862,—the date of the invasion of Pennsylvania last year,—to February 12, 1863,—the date of the desperate battle at Murfreesboro. Steel portraits are added of Major General Daniel Butterfield and Commodore C. H. Davis. [G. P. Putnam, Publisher, 441 Broadway. For sale by Loring.]

FRATERNITY SUMMER EXCURSION. The Fraternity advertise their annual summer excursion in another column, in this week's issue. These parties are always pleasant and profitable to those participating. The friends of the Society and all progressionists are invited to join in the excursion. It is a most delightful way of spending a day in the country.

☞ The Confederate authorities, who have used the services of negroes and half-breed Indians, have been notified by Col. Ludlow that the U. S. Government will throw its protection around all their officers and men, without regard to color, and will promptly retaliate for all violations of the cartel and the laws and usages of war. Why don't the President speak out?

Gen. Taylor is said to have hung all the Federal prisoners taken at Milliken's Bend. Retaliatory measures will probably follow.

☞ We conclude, this week, the well-written, instructive and interesting tale, entitled "THE CONNECTICUT AND SHENANDOAH," the author of which is an accomplished lady of this city, whose sympathy for the oppressed the rebellion has powerfully helped to evoke. We thank her for her favors, personally, and in behalf of all our readers.

☞ Gen. Hooker has been superseded by Gen. Meade in command of the Army of the Potomac.

SHALL SUCH THINGS BE?

As our soldiers gradually penetrate the interior of rebeldom, they have an opportunity occasionally to learn something of the practical workings of the peculiar institution. An officer from Cambridge, now in the Federal army, recently found and sent home, for the inspection of his friends, a stray leaf from the record of an overseer at Alexandria, La. We give an extract below. It appears to be a record of the punishments inflicted for about two months, in 1847, for various offences, which are set forth with some particularity. From this record, we learn the description of iniquities for which these slaves were whipped. Here is the record :—

1847. April 20,	Whipped	Adam for cutting cotton too wide.
" "	"	Nat for thinning cotton.
" 21,	"	Adaline and Chaney for being behind.
" 23,	"	Jim for mashing down cotton on row behind him.
" 24,	"	Esther for leaving child out in yard to let it cry.
" 25,	"	Patrick, Frank, Adam and Nathan, for disobeying orders given through Dick.
" 25,	"	Dick for allowing the hands to leave grass without reporting them.
" 27,	"	Adaline for being slow getting out of quarters.
" 28,	"	Daniel for not having the cobs taken out of horses' trough.
" 28,	"	Sandy for not fetching the salt to me before giving it to the horses.
" 30,	"	Jim for getting behind with his row.
May 1,	"	Anna, Jo., Hannah, Sarah, Jim and Jane, for not thinning corn right.
" 1,	"	Clem for being too long thinning one row of corn.
" 3,	"	Isaac for not setting up the corn.
" 3,	"	Wallis for leaving suckers on corn.
" 3,	"	Esther for not being out of quarters quick enough.
" 6,	"	Jo., Clem, and Sandy, for not cleaning cotton close.
" 10,	"	Adaline, for being last one out with row.
" 13,	"	Nat for leaving pusley in cotton drill.
" 14,	"	Jim for being behind with row.
" 15,	"	Esther for leaving grass in cotton.
" 17,	"	Peggy for not hoeing as much cane as she ought to, last week.
" 17,	"	Jack for letting his horse run away.
" 18,	"	Polly for not hoeing faster.
" 20,	"	Martha, Esther, and Sarah, for jawing about row, while I was gone.
" 21,	"	Polly for not handling her hoe faster.

—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

A FRESH REVELATION OF HORRORS!

By way of illustrating the degree of brutality which slavery has developed among the whites in the South, we append the following extract from a letter in the New York *Times*, recounting what was told by the refugees from Mrs. Gillespie's estate on the Black River :—

The treatment of the slaves, they say, has been growing worse and worse for the last six or seven years.

Flogging with a leather strap on the naked body is common; also, paddling the body with a handsaw until the skin is a mass of blisters, and then breaking the blisters with the teeth of the saw. They have "very often" seen slaves stretched out upon the ground with hands and feet held down by fellow-slaves, or lashed to stakes driven into the ground, for "burning." Handfuls of dry corn-husks are then lighted, and the burning embers are whipped off with a stick so as to fall in showers of live sparks upon the naked back. This is continued until the victim is covered with blisters. If, in his writhings of torture the slave gets his hands free to brush off the fire, the burning brand is applied to them.

Another method of punishment, which is inflicted for the higher order of crime, such as running away, or other refractory conduct, is to dig a hole in the ground large enough for the slave to squat or lie down in. The victim is then stripped naked and placed in the hole, and a covering or grating of green sticks is laid over the opening. Upon this a quick fire is built, and the live embers sifted though upon the naked flesh of the slave, until his body is blistered and swollen almost to bursting. With just enough of life to enable him to crawl, the slave is then allowed to recover from his wounds if he can, or to end his sufferings by death.

"Charley Sloo" and "Overton," two hands, were both murdered by these cruel tortures. "Sloo" was whipped to death, dying under the infliction, or soon after punishment. "Overton" was laid naked upon his face and burned as above described, so that the cords of his legs and the muscles of his back refused longer to perform their offices. He was, nevertheless, forced into the field to labor, but being crippled, was unable to move quick enough to suit "Jeems"; so one day, in a fit of passion, he struck him on the head with a heavy stick, and killed him.

"Tom" had the consumption, but was forced to work in the cotton-field. One night he was missing from his cabin. Two days afterward, his body was found in the field, where he had fallen and died, on his way home.

"The poor old slave had gone to rest."

Edmund, belonging on the widow Gillespie's plantation, has been a witness of or knowing to several cases of punishment by the burning process. Two of these were of girls belonging to the widow G., in New Orleans, and the others occurred on her "island plantation," before referred to. America, wife of Essex, one of the women in the party, related to me the particulars of one case, as follows :—There was a middle-aged woman in the family, named Margaret, who had a nursing child. Mrs. Gillespie ordered Margaret to wean the child. The babe was weakly, and Margaret did not wish to do so. Mrs. G. told her that she would examine her breast the next Monday, and, if she found any milk in it, she would punish her severely. Monday came round, and on that day Margaret's stent was to spin eighteen "broaches"—spools—but she did not finish it. At night, the promised examination took place, and the breast of Margaret gave but too convincing proof that, in obedience to the yearnings of a mother's heart, she had spurned the threat of the inhuman mistress. Mrs. G. then ordered the handsaw, the leather strap, and a wash-bowl of water. The woman was laid upon her face, her clothes stripped up to around her neck, and "Becky" and "Jane" were called to hold her hands and feet. Mrs. Gillespie then paddled her with the hand-saw, sitting composedly in a chair over her victim. After striking some one hundred blows, she changed to the use of the leather strap, which she would dip into the wash-bowl in order to give it greater power of torture. Under this infliction, the screams of the woman died away to a faint moan, but the "sound of the whip" continued till nearly 11 o'clock. "Jane" was then ordered to bring the hot tongs, the woman was turned over upon her back, and Mrs. Gillespie attempted to grasp the woman's nipples with the heated implement. The writhings of the mother, however, foiled her purpose; but between the breasts, the skin and flesh were horribly burned.

During this terrible infliction, "Jeems" came out of his room and remonstrated with his mother for "using the niggers so." He "did not wish them punished in that way." Her answer was, "They won't mind me, and I will do with them as I please." Margaret was a long time in recovering from her wounds. Rose Ann, who was child's nurse, was sent, upon one occasion, to find and bring home a little boy named Tommy, whom his father had taken down town with him after breakfast. The child had been left at Mrs. Turner's, a "grass-widow," living in Camp street, below Julia. It was found after a second hunt and brought home. Mrs. G. accused Rose of not trying to find the boy at first. She ordered her hands to be crossed and tied over her head; she was placed upon her back on the floor, her hands secured to the balusters, and her feet to the extension table. In this position, her person was exposed, the poker heated in the stove, and to make the punishment the more humiliating as well as most acute, the hot instrument was applied to *the most tender part of her body.* She then gave her fifty lashes and let her loose. This terrible idiosyncracy seemed to be a favorite method of torture with the widow. America, who saw and related these facts to the writer, in the presence of several other fellow slaves, suffered a similar punishment on the plantation only a few months since. She is a seamstress, and had, by mistake, sewed in two sleeves of Mrs. G.'s daughter's dress the wrong way. For this offence, she was laid upon a board upon a ladder, her hands and feet secured, and a leather strap and buckle tightly fastened around her stomach and going under the ladder. Having previously placed the tongs in the fire, she ordered them brought, and began pinching her about the thighs, abdomen, and other parts, until they were baked and stiff. This species of refined torture seemed to be a favorite one with her. On another occasion, "America" says she was whipped with a new "yellow cowhide" until her flesh ceased to feel the blows. Mrs. G. then brought a bottle of "No. 6," and with a small sponge wet the lacerated parts with the fiery liquid, causing the most intense torture she ever experienced. Edmund, Essex, and the rest assert that it was a very common thing to see a slave carried by force to the bed-room or the bed-room of Madame, for punishment. She would order him to undress, and with her own hands apply the lash until she became exhausted.

HORRIBLE BARBARITY OF HINDMAN.

The intense and refined fiendishness of the treatment that the Union men at the South receive from their rebel enemies, is unsurpassed in any story of barbarous ages. At Little Rock, Arkansas, lived a numerous body of Union men, praying for a sight of the old flag and the day of deliverance, as none ever prayed save the men of Leyden. They met nightly in cellars—had their secret grips and passwords—and with all the heroism of martyrs, bore suspicion, taunts, threats and violence, unflinching in their resolution never to enter the rebel ranks alive. When Hindman occupied Little Rock in force, twenty-seven of the men were arrested and imprisoned on suspicion—their worst enemy accused them of no overt act against the rebel government.

One day their wives, children, parents, brothers and sisters were invited by Hindman's order to come and visit them. Their dungeon doors were opened, and arm in arm with their rejoicing families, they were suffered to wander, under guard, about the town and in the fields. The bright sunlight and sweet air of this unwonted freedom intoxicated them into credulity. They and the dear ones from whom they had been so long sundered were felicitating themselves with the hope of permanent liberty, and fancied that the tiger Hindman had forgotten his taste for blood. Just at the limits of the town, the officer in command bade the families of the suspects halt—and marching those twenty seven brave men out of the very arms of love, ranged them in an open lot before a file of riflemen, and there shot all of them to death in plain sight of their shrieking households!

☞ It is stated among the men, based on the authority of some of the men who have deserted, that some of the poor negroes who were made prisoners in the first fight were tied up, and the rebel soldiers amused themselves by probing them with their bayonets, wounding and cruelly maltreating them, and subjecting them to every indignity. All of which is in perfect keeping with the threats held out, and in accordance with the practice of "a Christian civilized warfare," as understood by the Southern chivalry. But for all such atrocities there is a day of reckoning. Our men are exasperated beyond all conception, and if they do not, whenever they get into Port Hudson, give these semi-savages one of their own lessons, we shall indeed be disappointed.—*Army corr. near Port Hudson.*

HANG THE DUTCH SOLDIERS!

Of late, in all battles and in all recent incursions made by Federal cavalry, we have found the great mass of Northern soldiers to consist of Dutchmen. The plundering thieves captured by Forrest, who stole half the jewelry and watches in a dozen counties of Alabama, were immaculate Dutchmen. The national odor of Dutchmen, as distinctive of the race as that which, constantly ascending to Heaven, has distended the nostrils of the negro, is as unmistakable as that peculiar to a pole-cat, an old pipe, or a lager-beer saloon. Crimes, thefts, and insults to the women of the South, invariably mark the course of these stinking bodies of animated *sour-krout*. Rosecrans, himself, is an unmixed Dutchman, an accursed race which has overrun the vast districts of the country of the Northwest. * * It happens that we entertain a greater degree of respect for an Ethiopian in the ranks of the Northern armies than for an odiferous Dutchman, who can have no possible interest in this revolution. * * Why not hang every Dutchman captured? *We will hereafter hang, or shoot, or imprison for life, all white men taken in command of negroes, and enslave the negroes themselves.* This is not too harsh. No human being will assert the contrary. Why, then, should we not hang a Dutchman, *who deserves infinitely less of our sympathy than Sambo?* The live masses of beer, krout, tobacco and rotten cheese, which, on two legs and four, on foot and mounted, go prowling through the South, *should be used to manure the sandy plains and barren hillsides of Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia.* * * Whenever a Dutch regiment adorns the limbs of a Southern forest, daring cavalry raids into the South shall cease. * * * President Davis need not be specially consulted; and if an accident of this sort should occur to a plundering band like that captured by Forrest, we are not inclined to believe that our President would be greatly disgusted.—*Knoxville Register, June 12.*

THE CURIOSITIES OF SLAVERY.

The present "cruel war" is opening up to the world a knowledge of the interior of the South and its institutions. To thousands of people in the North, the interior of the Southern States is as much a terra incognita as the interior of unexplored Africa. We are learning, just now, its social features, at a rapid rate. There is a Southern slave in this city, whose character and history are interesting, and who, to-night, will deliver an address in the Lombard Street Wesley church. Her name is Oneda E. Dubois. She is a French "Zambo," and was the bond-thrall of her own uncle in Southern Alabama. She escaped from bondage, and was educated at Oberlin, Ohio, and for three years past has been in Hayti.

The subject of her lecture will be a description of life in that country. That she is a most accomplished "dark," there can be no doubt. That her history is a veritable one, is equally certain. Despite the opportunities of travel she has enjoyed, she still declares there is no place so prolific in happiness as her former home in Alabama. Her statements but verify what we everywhere see indicated—that if the Africans were freed from slavery, the South would be the place they would select for their homes. Miss Dubois is, beyond all question, a talented woman. She wants to establish a girls' school in Gonaives, Hayti, and has just commenced a lecturing tour for that purpose. We are inclined to believe she will appropriate the money she gains to its avowed purpose. At any rate, her descriptions of life on the plantations will be worth the price of admittance. The amount of "knocking down" indulged in by philanthropic lecturers is so extensive, that people are growing distrustful of all such enterprises. We are of opinion that this female African is a conscientious woman.—*Philadelphia Dial.*

A Diabolical Outrage. Several days since three negroes—a man and his wife and her brother—made their escape from Shelby county, and arriving in this city, crossed the river and entered Illinois, intending to make their way to Quincy. When about ten miles out, they were confronted by two white men, one of whom presented a double barrelled shot gun at their breasts, and commanded them to run. The woman's brother accordingly started to run, when the white scoundrels fired at him, and he was seen to fall. The villain then turned, and discharged the other barrel at the husband, who was carrying in his arms an infant two months old. The scattering shot wounded both the father and child, striking the latter in the shoulders and neck, the former in the neck and leg. These fiends then ordered them at once to return to Missouri. Though severely wounded, the man and his wife made their way back to Douglasville, (opposite this city,) where they were properly taken care of, and the wounds dressed. The other negro has not been heard from, and it was supposed he was killed. The wounds of the father and child, though serious, are not likely to prove fatal.—*Hannibal Courier, May 30.*

A Fearful Record. An army officer writes from Louisiana to the *Boston Transcript*, that the camps of the Black regiments in Gen. Banks's army are models of neatness and order, and that but one man in the whole command has been punished for misconduct. Never were men seen to fight with more courage and devotion than these raw recruits. He adds:

"Every man presenting himself to be recruited strips to the skin, to be surveyed by the surgeon. We do not accept one-half that offer. On Tuesday, out of 82, only 33 were accepted. I have directed my surgeons to keep accurate lists of the causes of rejection. They report to me that *not one in fifteen is free from marks of severe lashing. More than one-half are rejected because of disability arising from lashing with whips and the biting of dogs on their calves and thighs.* It is frightful. Hundreds of them have welts on their backs as large as one of your largest fingers. I intend to have these memoranda collected and published with certificates of surgeons."

In the assault on Sunday, the rebels held their fire until our troops came within about 50 or 60 feet, when they poured a deadly fire into our ranks. It was here, while quite close, that Gen. Paine was wounded by a bullet in the leg, just below the knee, and fell down under shelter of a small tree, at the base of a little knoll or rise in the ground. Here he lay from six in the morning until half past seven in the evening, our men being shot down one after the other as they went to try and bring him off. I am told that not less than 20 of our brave fellows fell while on their errand of mercy. First, two men went with a stretcher to bring him to the van. Just as they reached the wounded man, a bullet, with deadly aim, from a rebel sharpshooter, lays one of them a corpse at the feet of the Colonel. Another brave rushes up to lend a hand, only to share the same fate; and so on, until it seems hopeless. For a time it is relinquished, when it is suggested the wounded officer must need water. At once there is a man who undertakes the dangerous task. He crawls on his face with a canteen of water, almost reaches the spot, is within arm's length, and raises himself up to pass the canteen to Col. Paine, when, alas! a rebel bullet passes through his head, killing him instantly. On one occasion, three men out of four with a litter were killed dead.

This is indeed horrible enough; but worse than this, the cowardly rebels actually shot at and killed our helpless and wounded men as they laid on the ground. The statement comes to me in so many shapes, is vouched for by officers as well as wounded men, that there is not to my mind a shadow of doubt on the subject.—*Army corr. at Port Hudson.*

GEN. ULLMAN'S ORDER.

Head Quarters, Brig.-Gen. Ullman,
New Orleans, June 10, 1863.

General Orders, No. 7.—1. The late deplorable accident in the 2d U. S. V., occurring from the negligent handling of fire-arms, admonishes the General Commanding that it is his duty to issue this order.

These accidents have been so frequent in the army, that the usual plea of thoughtlessness shall, in this command, no longer avail. No officer or soldier has a right to be ignorant of the danger to others, as well as to himself, trifling with a loaded weapon. Negligence in such cases is culpability. In the armies of other nations, nearly the same punishment is meted out to him who injures his fellow-soldier with a fire-arm by negligence as by design. It is just.

Each commanding officer of a regiment, battalion or detachment, is therefore directed to report to these headquarters every such instance, in order that the proper action may be taken thereon.

II. The General Commanding brings to the particular notice of the officers of this command, that they are engaged by the orders of the Government in a special, peculiar and difficult service. They have been selected as possessing qualities which, it is supposed, eminently qualify them for this duty, namely: accurate knowledge of the drill, long experience in the field, patience, diligence and patriotism. They will find the constant exercise of all these qualities necessary.

You are brought into contact with a race, who, having lived in an abnormal condition all the days of their lives, are now suddenly elevated into being soldiers of the United States, fighting against their oppressors, as well for their own liberties as for the integrity of the Republic. They are to be molded by you into drilled and well-disciplined troops. You cannot display too much wisdom in your conduct, both as regards yourselves and them. *Let the law of kindness be your guide.* Thus acting, you will soon obtain their confidence. You will find them docile, impressionable, fully imbued with the spirit of subordination, (one of the highest attributes of a soldier,) possessed of a deep appreciation of kindly treatment, and of keen perceptions, which enables them quickly to discover any flaw in the conduct of superiors.

You have the materials, crude though they now may be, but perfectly malleable, to make the best of soldiers. It remains with you to say whether such shall be the result. Perform your duty conscientiously, and our beloved and once happy country will not only have a body of soldiers who will enthusiastically aid her in fighting her battles, but she will also have the proud satisfaction of knowing that she has, at least, taken a practical step toward the elevation of a hitherto degraded and oppressed race.

III. The General Commanding learns that the malignant enemies of the Union and the people of the United States are busily engaged in endeavoring to persuade the colored population of the South, that if they recruit as soldiers in the armies of the Republic, they will, at the close of the war, be returned to slavery by the Government.

It is to be expected, in this unholy war between truth and falsehood—humanity and oppression—justice and injustice—freedom and slavery—regulated liberty and unrestricted despotism, that the atrocious instigators of this foul and unnatural rebellion, together with their secret aiders and sympathisers, who have the oath of allegiance on their lips and treason in their hearts, should, to sustain themselves, resort to every device which the arch enemy of mankind suggests to their willing minds.

This is one of those devices.

Let not the colored men of the South be deceived by anything that may be said by those who are at once their and the Union's foes.

The General Commanding, therefore, directs his officers, of all grades, to assure every colored man whom they recruit, that if he shall, by virtue of the authority delegated to the General, be regularly enlisted into the service of the United States, and shall bear himself as a true and faithful soldier until the end of the term of his enlistment, he has the sacred honor of the United States pledged, that the whole power of this Government, moral and physical, shall be exerted to secure to him and his posterity for ever, the inestimable blessings of freedom.

It is not in the power of the General Government, under the Constitution, to remand a single human being, once freed, to slavery, "otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

Besides, this war, in its consequences, has reached a point beyond the power of man. The first gun that was fired at Fort Sumter sounded the death-knell of slavery. They who fired it were the greatest practical Abolitionists this nation has produced. The decree went forth from that hour, that slavery should quickly cease to exist on this North American continent.

Come, then, colored men of the South, enlist in the armies of the United States! Your brethren at Port Hudson have shown to the world that they can and will fight, and have displayed as dauntless courage as ever illuminated a battle-field. Emulate their noble example, and fight under the glorious banner of the Republic, which will be to you, in the great future, as it has been in the past to millions of the white race, the symbol of every temporal blessing.

Truth, justice and God are on our side. They will prevail.

By command of DANIEL ULLMAN, Brig.-Gen. commanding.

Moses C. Brown, Assistant Adjutant General.

ENTHUSIASM AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE.

A meeting of colored people was held at Franklin Hall to commence the formation of a negro regiment. The meeting was very full, the hall crowded. The members behaved with dignity and decorum, and were enthusiastic to a degree. The morning papers give reports of the proceedings. What they do not state, however, is that at the close of the meeting the negroes moved to their Institute, in Lombard street, in a body. There they were joined by their band of brass instruments, and with reinforcements amounting to a thousand men, with drum and fife, they marched out to West Locust street, where they serenaded Miss Annie Dickinson, their female advocate, Rev. J. Walter Jackson, and Judge Kelly, who had spoken at the meeting. Next they went to the house of the Mayor, then to that of the poet-patriot, Mr. George H. Boker; lastly, to that of Capt. Babe, who took the colored company to Harrisburg. To each they expressed their gratitude for past kindness by a serenade.

The concourse was orderly, yet enthusiastic. They appeared to appreciate what the speakers of the evening had told them—that unless they now took up arms and fought, they did not deserve franchisement. The resolutions adopted at their meeting breathed a forgiving and Christian spirit. There is a certain degree of pathos in the resolution: "That we, the colored people of Philadelphia, throwing aside the unpleasant memories of the past, looking only to the future, and asking merely the same guaranties, the same open field and fair play that are given to our white fellow-countrymen, desire here and now to express our willingness and readiness to come forward to the defence of our imperilled country."

We are glad to know that a hundred colored volunteers, from the little town of West Chester alone, will arrive in camp to-day. Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Wagner, of the eighty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, a gallant officer, whom a painful wound received in action temporarily disables, has been appointed to take charge of the camp. The locale is at Chelton Hills, on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, and the tents will be drawn for erection to-day. The selection is one of the most pleasant and comfortable ever made in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Colonel Wagner expects to receive a detachment of colored troops from Christiana to-day, who, with the men of this city who returned from Harrisburg, whither they had gone in response to the Governor's call, will be mustered in, and taken to camp, before this evening.

It should be credited to these, that twenty-five thousand of their race are now marshaled in the armies of the Union; that, in the second invasion of Pennsylvania, the colored company of ninety men, raised in six hours, was the *first* to move from the city for the defence of our State capital, and that three full companies of eighty men each volunteered for the same purpose, in less than twenty-four hours. The spirit of the colored people is up. The prejudice of the army against them is wearing away. Their bravery at Port Hudson and Milliken's bend is beyond all praise. The Democratic organ, we observe, gives no report of their meeting, and makes no mention that a camp has been established for their reception.—*Philadelphia Dial.*

☞ Forty vessels were destroyed off Cape Sable by the Rebel privateers within the last few days. A Brunswick ship was also captured, but bonded, and the crews of the other vessels were put on board her. Five vessels left the Brooklyn Navy-Yard on Saturday to look for the pirates.

☞ General Hunter, it is understood, is to be sent to the South-west to superintend the raising of negro regiments, in place of General Thomas, returned to duty elsewhere.

☞ Not less than eighteen thousand freedmen have been organized as a working or fighting force in the Department of the South by Gen. Saxton.

☞ Mr. John Bright has again been speaking on American affairs in Parliament, arguing that freedom in the South will increase the production of cotton.

Louisville, Ky., June 28.—To-day's Nashville *Union* reports that one division of the Federal army captured 3000 rebels on Saturday, when going through Hoover's Gap. There are no futher particulars.

☞ About fifty iron-clads of the Monitor type are constructed or in process of construction.

Fifty-fifth Reg't Massachusetts (Colored) Volunteers. The following commissions have been issued to this Regiment:—Serg't Robert James Hamilton, of Springfield, (34th Reg't,) to be Captain; Private George M. Woodward, of Worcester, (44th Reg't M. V. M.,) to be 1st Lieut.; Private Wm. D. Crane, of Boston, (44th,) to be 1st L't; Dorance Messenger, of Peterboro', N. Y., to be 2d L't; George Thompson Garrison, of Boston, to be 2d Lieut.; 2d Lieut. Chas. E. Grant, of Boston, to be Captain; Private Frank Goodwin, of Boston, (44th,) to be 1st Lieut.; 2d Lieut. Harrison Holt, of Andover, to be 1st Lieut.; 2d Lieut. Charles P. Bowditch, of Boston, to be 1st Lieutenant; 2d Lieut. Edward S. Stimpson, of Salem, to be 1st Lieut.; Private James B. Thurber, of Plymouth, (13th,) to be 2d Lieut.; Sergeant Wyllys Gannett, of St. Louis, Mo., (24th,) to be 2d Lieut.; Corporal William H. Torrey, of Foxborough, (24th,) to be 2d Lieut.; Wm. D. Crane, of Boston, (44th,) to be Captain; John Gordon, (24th,) to be Captain; Dennis H. Jones, of Boston, (44th,) to be 1st Lieut.; 2d Lieut. Wm. H. Torrey, of Foxborough, to be 1st Lieut.; 2d Lieut. Wyllys Gannett, of St. Louis, Mo., to be 1st Lieut.; 2d Lieut. Robert James, of Newport, Rhode Island, to be 1st Lieut.; John O. Mowry, of Athol, (27th,) to be 2d Lieut.; Joseph T. Nichols, of Royalston, (25th,) to be 2d Lieut.

One Nicholas Saib, a sergeant in the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts volunteers, has a curious and romantic history, which the Boston *Transcript* thus records:

"He is an intelligent-looking negro, perfectly black, modest and gentlemanly in his bearing, and remarkable alike for his experiences and his culture. As we understood his story, as he told it in a brief interview, he is a native of Central Africa, born in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo. In some way he was inveigled into slavery to a party of Arabs, and found his way first to Egypt, and from thence to Turkey. After a while he reached St. Petersburg, was converted to Christianity, and baptized as a member of the Greek Church, dropping the name of Mohammed, and taking that of Nicholas. He is now a Protestant, he says emphatically. From St. Petersburg he went to Germany, and entered the service of a 'Hollander,' with whom he came to this country, and settled in Detroit. He enlisted 'because all his folks seemed to be doing so.'

"Saib speaks five languages, and can read and write three or four of them. His French is quite Parisian and his Italian correct. He gives an entertaining description of his native region, the employment of its inhabitants, and their maners and customs. They are generally Mohammedans. Were it not for his color and position, Saib would pass anywhere for a person of no small acquisitions. As it is, no one can see or talk with him without being most favorably impressed with his deportment and intelligence. He is one, but not the only one, of the 'persons of African descent' in camp at Readville, whose acquisitions and behavior go far to dispel ignorant and vulgar prejudices against the colored race."

Death of Rear-Admiral Foote. The illness of Rear-Admiral Foote, in which the public have taken so deep an interest for more than a week past, was brought to a fatal termination on Friday evening, June 26, at the Astor House, in New York. The veteran commander had recently been ordered to relieve Admiral Du Pont in the command of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and was preparing for his departure on that service when he was attacked with the illness which has ended his valuable life. Few officers, either in the navy or army of the United States, have signalized themselves by such a stern and uncompromising devotion to duty, such ardent patriotism, such heroic courage, and such an admirable combination of the most beautiful virtues of private life. His loss will be deeply and painfully felt in the present crisis of our national affairs, while it has sent a pang of unusual grief throughout a wide circle of devoted relatives and friends.

Rear-Admiral Andrew Hull Foote was born in New-Haven, Conn., September 12, 1806, having nearly completed his fifty-seventh year at the time of his death. He was the son of the late Hon. Samuel A. Foote, formerly Governor of Connecticut, and a Senator in Congress, where in 1830 he offered the resolution on the Public Lands, which gave rise to the celebrated debate on Nullification between Daniel Webster and Robert Y. Hayne.

The Attack at Charleston. The evidence multiplies that we came very near taking Fort Sumter in the attack in April. Intelligence has been received from one who has been in the fort since the attack. He says that the wall on the north-eastern face is cracked from top to bottom; that the last shots went through the wall, clear across the area to the opposite walls; that on the morning after the fight, pieces of canvas were placed over the breaches to hide them from our sight; that the officer in command telegraphed to Beauregard during the engagement that he would be compelled to surrender. A portion of this is corroborative of the testimony of Capt. Ammen, who was confident that his last shots went completely through the wall. It was apparent to all of us who watched that fight, that after the first half hour the fire of the fort perceptibly slackened, and almost ceased on the north-eastern face. Admiral DuPont evidently lost a golden opportunity, when he decided not to renew the attack on the following day.

The Great Cavalry Fight. In the great cavalry fight on the Rappahannock, the Federal loss foots up 931 killed, wounded and missing. The number of killed does not exceed 100, and less than 100 are missing as prisoners. The loss in horses amounts to 1,545 head. The rebel loss as nearly as can be ascertained was 1,200 killed and wounded, and 200 prisoners. Their loss of horses was in proportion. It was a most desperate fight, but notwithstanding the check given to the rebels, it did not prevent them from pursuing their contemplated raid, for within three days thereafter they crossed the Potomac, and marched into Pennsylvania.

Rebel Outrage in Portland Harbor. The war on the ocean has been marked by a most audacious enterprise, on the part of the rebels, the scene being Portland harbor. They attempted to get possession of the revenue cutter Caleb Cushing, on Friday night, and succeeded in cutting her out, putting her crew in irons, and running her out to sea. She was followed, however, promptly, by the steamers Chesapeake and Forest City, armed and manned by the citizens of Portland, who no sooner learned that the revenue cutter had been abducted by the rebels than they determined to recover her, at all hazards. They pursued and came up with the Caleb Cushing twelve miles down the bay, and proceeded to board her, when the rebels abandoned her, and made in their boats for a schooner close by, blowing up the Cushing at the same time. The schooner was the fishing boat Archer, which the rebels had seized some days ago, and transferred the officers and crew of the privateer Tacony to her. Fearing that the latter vessel was doomed to be captured, as she was so closely surrounded by the Federal vessels in pursuit of her, the rebels burnt the Tacony, and no doubt calculated on supplying her place by cutting out some United States vessel in one of our Northern harbors. The Caleb Cushing was selected for this purpose—with what success, we have seen. When the Caleb Cushing was set on fire, the rebels, and the original crew of the cutter, put off in their boats. They were all captured, however, and brought back to Portland.

Mr. Conway in England. A meeting was to be held at the London Tavern on the 16th, at which Mr. Bright was to preside, and Mr. Conway was to speak in answer to Mr. Roebuck's recognition speech, which he had already noticed in the *Star*.

We hear, in a roundabout way, that at this meeting Mr. Conway will be urged to make some proposals to the Confederate Commissioners on the subject of Emancipation. We cannot believe that any of our English friends, however unacquainted with the state of feeling here, can have persuaded him to such a course. Certainly, neither the *Commonwealth* nor any of the anti-slavery men in this country would for a moment sanction any proposition looking to a recognition of the Confederacy, or its very obnoxious minister in England. Nor has Mr. Conway any authority (unless it be from the State Department) from any person in America, to enter into any conference whatever with any representative of the South, save in the way of public discussion, or to make any offers of any kind to any person whatsoeverf on any of the questions of the day.—*Commonwealth of 26th ult.*

A Picture for the Times. *Harper's Weekly*, of this week, contains three remarkable portraits of the same person. They represent Sergeant Gordon, of the Second Louisiana Native Guards, first as he came into camp after wandering for a week through a Louisiana swamp, chased for two days by bloodhounds, and shot at by his master and other rebels.

The next figure is from a daguerreotype, taken of the man's back when he was stripped in the recruiting-office to be examined by the surgeon. It shows his back to be a mass of scars, the marks of former whippings. It is a horrible sight. The last picture represents him in his uniform, as sergeant in the Second Louisiana regiment, with his musket in his hand. He fought gallantly at Port Hudson, and none the less, we can believe, for the cruel scars which reminded him of the tender mercies of the "master race."

☞ The chief correspondent in Washington of the New York *Herald* has been dismissed from a third-class clerkship. Secretary Chase summoned him to plead to the charge of opposition to the Government. His plea was, "I have not opposed you, but I have opposed the Administration." The Secretary replied, "I am part of the Administration, and do not need your services longer."

Rebel Strategy. The advance of the rebels into Pennsylvania, and the movement on Washington or Baltimore, have been so sudden and unexpected, that the West is filled with astonishment and the East with panic. The irruption of the plundering hordes into the Keystone State preceded even rumor of the approach of danger. The blow came before the report. Chambersburg was sacked before its citizens knew they were in danger.

While all eyes were looking towards Vicksburg as the scene of colossal struggle, and every steamer was rushing down the Mississippi, crowded full of reinforcements, to repel the hundred thousand rebels supposed to be marching under Johnston, to raise the siege and crush Grant, the stunning news falls upon the ears of the public, that one hundred thousand rebels are sweeping across Maryland, into the heart of Pennsylvania, and surging up to the very intrenchments around the National Capital.

It seems now as if the rebel chiefs had completely out-generaled our military men, and stolen a march upon us.

The drainage of troops from the East and centre, and their concentration away down South at Vicksburg, created an opportunity to strike a blow on the Potomac, which the rebels were not slow to improve.

We venture the opinion that the two divisions of Bragg's army, reported to have gone to Vicksburg, are with Lee, near Washington, and the column from Mobile that started from the same place is in Pennsylvania, under Ewell and Longstreet. There has been a swift and general concentration of all the troops the rebels could rake and scrape, for the purpose of the assault on Washington, and the raid into Pennsylvania. While our government was energetically engaged in strengthening Grant, they receive a sudden blow between the eyes at Washington, and a dig in the ribs at Harrisburg. The attack is made when the Potomac army is weaker than it has been at any time since Bull Run, two years ago. Twenty-five thousand soldiers whose term of service had expired, have gone home; an equal number the rebels believe have gone to Vicksburg; add to this the heavy loss at the recent battles of Chancellorsville and, Fredericksburg, and the reason is seen for the unlooked-for crossing of the Potomac, and rush into Pennsylvania, and at Washington, of the rebel army.

The Rebel Invasion. A Harrisburg letter in the Philadelphia *Press* says:—

"A gentleman from Carlisle says that the people are generally quiet and 'resigned to the raid,' which they look for as a foregone conclusion at any moment. Everything movable has been taken to Harrisburg that is considered of any great value to the rebels. Many persons arrived from the country about Newville and Carlisle, complaining bitterly of the sad fate accorded to them, of being compelled to leave their hitherto quiet homes at this times, when the fields are white for the harvest, and the barns are empty to receive the products of the earth, so bountifully blessed by a kind Providence. These people meet with but little sympathy in Harrisburg, and pass on in the journey up the Lebanon valley with sorrowing hearts."

The Harrisburg *Union* of Thursday says:—

"The whole country this side of Chambersburg seemed to be on the move, yesterday. The valley was filled with fugitives of all classes, conditions, ages, sexes and colors, fleeing before the advancing rebels, like buffalo before a prairie fire. The scenes of a week ago were re-enacted. Negroes on foot and in wagons, carrying with them their only stock and store; farmers with their horses, household goods and families; sorrowful men hastening away from fields whitening for the sickle, and meadows waiting for the scythe. All these came crowding down the valley in dusty caravans, pressing over the bridge and through our towns into the peaceful country beyond."

Baltimore, June 23. The *American* has the following from York, Pa.:—

"The rebels were in full occupation yesterday. It is estimated that the full force in the county was not less than 10,000. Gen. Early had his headquarters in York, with 3000 men and 7 pieces of artillery. Gen. Gordon was encamped outside of the town yesterday, with 2500 men and 7 pieces of artillery.

The rebels yesterday demanded of the town authorities the following contributions:—$100,000 in United States Treasury notes, 200 barrels of flour, 40,000 pounds fresh beef, 30,000 bushels corn, 1000 pairs of shoes, 1000 pairs of stockings, and 1000 coats and caps, besides various other articles amounting in value to not less than $150,000. The delivery of the money and these stores were required at noon to-day, or in case of failure the rebels would help themselves, and the people were notified that they must take the consequences."

Harrisburg, Pa., June 28, 6 P. M. The rebels are within three miles, and are throwing shells. Our troops are within the intrenchments, and will make a bold stand.

A despatch dated in the field four and a half miles east of Carlisle, says:—"A large amount of quartermaster's stores fell into the hands of the rebels. About 6000 rebel cavalry are in Carlisle."

A Lancaster despatch says the bridge over the Susquehanna at Columbia is thronged all day by fugitives fleeing before the rebel advance. The bridge is prepared for destruction, if a rebel raid on Lancaster is attempted.

Harrisburg, June 28, 8 P. M. The bridge over the Susquehanna, at Columbia, is in flames.

Baltimore, June 27. Information was received at about 5 o'clock this afternoon from Glen Rock that the rebels were then at Hanover Junction, tearing up the railroad track.

Philadelphia, June 28. The excitement in this city is intense. Third street is thronged with people, awaiting the news. The merchants have resolved to close their stores and recruit a regiment immediately. The Union League have also started in the matter. The Corn Exchange Guard have a recruiting party marching through the streets.

Norristown, Pa., June 28. The manufacturers have determined to close their works until the rebels are driven from the State, and have raised $10,000 to pay the wages of all who volunteer, during their absence. Five hundred men will leave for Harrisburg, in the morning.

New York, June 28. A special despatch to the *Herald* from Harrisburg says:—"At 9 this morning the enemy demanded the surrender of Mechanicsburg, which was complied with. Our cavalry retreated in good order. The enemy pulled down the United States flag, and raised the rebel colors. Most of the people had left the place.

The enemy captured several thousand dollars' worth of property belonging to the government, at Kingston. The enemy's cavalry were abreast of Shiremanstown, at noon.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 29. Information was received by the authorities this morning, which they consider perfectly reliable, that 37,000 rebel troops had passed through Chambersburg up to Saturday, together with 104 pieces of artillery.

Gen. Lee was at Chambersburg with his staff, on Saturday.

It is said that 150 colored men were captured by the rebel army at Edwards' Ferry, together with 15 barges loaded with Government stores. The barges were burned with most of their valuable contents, consisting of rations of all kinds.

One of our scouts was killed at Gettysburg, and several were taken prisoners. Information has been received that the rebels ran all the cars off the track at the Rock Creek bridge, and set them on fire.

The rebels appeared this morning at an early hour four miles beyond Marriottsville, and tore up the track. About 11 o'clock another small force of rebels appeared at Sykesville, thirty-one miles from Baltimore, and destroyed the railroad track.

The whole rebel army, except Stuart, is now in Pennsylvania. The rebel officers say they are determined to make Pennsylvania their future battle-field.

It is estimated that the loss now sustained, and that which will be necessarily sustained hereafter, even under the most favorable circumstances, by the people of Pennsylvania, in consequence of the rebel invasion, will amount to fifty millions of dollars.

New York, June 27. The *Herald's* New Orleans letter states that our loss in the repulse on the 14th, at Port Hudson, was 700 killed and wounded. Among the killed are Col. Halcomb, of the 1st Louisiana (white) regiment; Col. Bryant, 175th New York; Capt. Hurlburt, 91st New York; Lieut. Hutchinson, 75th New York. Among the wounded, Gen. Paine, in leg, severely; Col. Smith, 114th New York, mortally; Col. Curray, 123d New York, severely, in both arms; Lieut. Col. Babcock, 75th New York, in leg, slight; Capt. Savory, 75th New York, arm, slight; Lieut. Thurbur, 75th New York, knee, slight; Lieut. Crocker, 75th New York, arm, slight. These are but few of the injured.

The authorities refuse to give any list of killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was not one-fourth of ours.

It is thought that Gen. Paine's leg will not have to be amputated.

Colonel Curray says Port Hudson is one of the strongest places in the world. He describes the works as follows:

First, an abattis of felled trees for at least a hundred yards, then a ditch forty feet wide, with from four to six feet of water in it, then a glacis about twenty feet high, sloping gradually to the parapet, on which is a protection for sharp shooters. Behind this, say one hundred yards, is another line of works, on which heavy and field artillery are mounted.

The correspondent of the *Herald* thinks that the only way the place will be taken will be by starving out the garrison.

George A. Otis, Esq. The death of George Alexander Otis was announced in the *Daily Advertiser* yesterday. He died at his residence in this city on Tuesday last, the 23d inst., at the advanced age of 81 years and 10 months. He has long been known in this community as a gentleman of extensive literary attainments. He was a son of Dr. Ephraim and Sarah (Harris) Otis, and was born in Scituate 20th August, 1781. His father was a graduate of Harvard College in 1756, was a surgeon in the French War, and settled in Scituate, where his practice was very extensive.

Mr. Otis was for some years a merchant in this city; first, alone, but in 1806 he became a partner with Barney Smith, a very wealthy gentleman, whose daughter he had married. This partnership continued about five years. Mr. Otis afterwards went to Europe, where he remained several years. He acquired a knowledge of several modern languages, was also familiar with the Latin and Greek tongues, and translated a considerable portion of Cicero's letters; but was best known as the translator from the Italian of Botta's History of the War of American Independence.

Mr. Smith, the father-in-law of Mr. Otis, died 2d July, 1828; and through his wife Mr. Otis came into possession of a very large property. Since that time he has not been in active business, but has devoted himself to taking care of his estate and literary studies. He had eight children, five sons and three daughters. Two of his sons, George Alexander and Edmund Burke, graduated at Harvard College respectively in 1821 and 1842. His wife survives him.—*Boston Daily Advertiser of 24th ult.*

THE "PECULIAR INSTITUTION" ILLUSTRATED.

We have a photographic likeness of a Louisiana slave's back, taken five or six months after a terrible scourging, and exhibiting from the shoulders to the waist great welts and furrows raised or gouged by the lash, running crosswise and lengthwise—the victim himself presenting a noble countenance and fine physique. "This card photograph," says the New York *Independent*, "should be multiplied by one hundred thousand, and scattered over the States. It tells the story in a way that even Mrs. Stowe cannot approach, because it tells the story to the eye." Price 15 cents. Sent by mail, by enclosing postage stamp. Seven copies for one dollar, or $1,50 per dozen.

Address Editor of the Liberator, Boston, Mass.

A PICTURE FOR THE TIMES.

For sale by R. F. Wallcut, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 221 Washington Street, a well-executed photograph of a remarkable drawing by Mr. Carlton, one of our resident artists, called "Watch-Meeting, Dec. 31, 1862—Waiting for the Hour"—representing a scene "way down South in Dixie," on last New Year's Eve, where some thirty or forty slaves seem to be waiting with great anxiety the hour which, by President Lincoln's proclamation of the 22d of September, shall make them "henceforth and for ever free." Large size, suitable for framing, $2.00. Second size, $1.00. Card photograph, 25 cents.

SUMMER EXCURSION.

The Parker Fraternity and the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society will make their Annual Summer Excursion on Wednesday, July 8, visiting Bancroft's Grove, Reading. Cars will leave the Maine Railroad Station, Haymarket Square, at 9 o'clock, returning at 6 1-2 o'clock. Accommodation trains will also leave at —— o'clock. Tickets—adults, 50 cents, children, 25 cents—may be had at the depot on the morning of the excursion, or previously of the Committee of Arrangements of the Fraternity.

All friends of these Societies, and of Progress and Freedom, are invited to join in the excursion.

☞ AARON M. POWELL will speak in Cheshire, (Mass.) on Sunday, July 5.

DIED—In this city, June 16th, Robert Crump, aged 31 years.

June 21st, Lorenzo F. Cruckendale, aged 16 years.

Poetry.

For the Liberator.

COLUMBIA'S BONDMEN MUST BE FREE.

Inscribed to Jefferson Davis, of the so-called Confederate States.

Thou modern Pharaoh! Traitor King!
A warning to thy throne I bring;
Rebel no more 'gainst God's decree;
Columbia's Bondmen must be free!

His promises to the oppressed,
Throughout His sacred word expressed,
"*Precious to Him shall their blood be:*" (Ps. 72: 14.)
Columbia's Bondmen must be free!

This promise God to Israel gave,—
And all alike oppress'd he'll save,—
"*With judgments great I'll ransom thee:*" (Ex. 6: 6.)
Columbia's Bondmen must be free!

Like Pharaoh, ye have God denied,
And the avenging rod defied,
"*And blood throughout the land ye see:*" (Ex. 7: 19.)
Columbia's Bondmen must be free!

And if your hearts ye harden still,
Hope not to escape the greater ill;
"*E'en though thy first-born cease to be,*" (Ex. 7: 29–30.)
Columbia's Bondmen must be free!

The wail of this down-trodden race
Ascended to the Throne of Grace;
"*I'll hear when he crieth unto me:*" (Ex. 22: 27.)
Columbia's Bondmen must be free!

Let all who groan in chains trust Him;
His promises he will redeem—
"*Peace, then, the Lord will fight for thee:*" (Ex. 14: 14.)
Columbia's Bondmen must be free!

Rebellious man! turn back, before
God's wrath deny thee either shore;
"*To right and left flows the Red Sea*"; (Ex. xiv. 22. 23.)
Columbia's Bondmen must be free!

"*To mortal arm God giveth power;*
Turn, ere the avenging rod shall lower,
To bid the fatal tide whelm thee:" (Ex. 14: 26–27.)
Columbia's Bondmen must be free! COLONEL.

LINES—IN MEMORIAM.

Another star whose rays
Made glad our way, has vanished from our gaze;
Another heart that beat
With love for us can love no more repeat;
Another friend has passed on at the call
Of Him who keeps the destinies of all.

Another noble soul
That never yielded to the world's control,
But sought the path of right,
And made it with rare kindness ever light,
Has left the places that have known him dim,
With only Memory's voice to speak of him.

But, while we yield him up,
And with submission drink the bitter cup,
Our hearts will question, why
In his full promise he was called to die:
Why, when the future seemed to be so clear,
Was he arrested in his bright career?

Why should his valiant hand,
Just raised for Freedom and his native land,
Be smitten at a breath,
And his devoted heart be stilled in death?
But vainly do we ask; the sole reply
Vouchsafed us is the mournful echo, "Why?"

Lone are the paths he left,
And sad the hearts of his dear smile bereft;
And yet we surely know
It was the time most meet for him to go:
For when the unseen angel whispers "Come!"
The waiting soul is ready to go home.

Up to the promised land,
The country of the beautiful, the grand,
Are now transferred those powers
That gave such token in this world of ours;
And there unclonded by the dust of earth,
They are unfolding in the heavenly birth.

How beautiful the faith
That makes the undiscovered land of death
The region of the blest,
Where the freed spirit finds eternal rest,
And, with a loftier aim and higher powers,
Drinks in the fragrance of immortal flowers!

PEACE.

Beautiful Peace!
Long hast thou stayed from our borders afar:
Long have the thunderous guns
Of bloody Rebellion in murderous War
Dealt death to America's sons.

When is thy dawning?
We sigh for thine advent, thou type of sweet Love!
Shalt thou come with the summer that's near?
Where hovers the wing of the messenger-dove
With the Word our worn hearts that shall cheer?

"Father in heaven,
Thy will still be done!" God never can will
That peace shall approach us through *shame!*
He never can will that the tidings that thrill
Through the patriot heart all aflame,

Heralding Peace,
Shall say to it: "Freeman, I give ye your dream!
Here on the debris of your *honor*
I plant the white flag! I establish in shame
For America, Peace's fair banner!
I give to ye Peace! With the traitor again
Ye shall dwell in a heartless good-will.
Go! restore the slave-whip!—double-rivet the chain
On the bondsman!—your country's curse still!"

Oh, Americans!
Countrymen! dare ye have Peace at this price?
Your banner dishonored and torn!
Your proud prestige vanished—your promises lies!
To all nations a hissing and scorn!

This the black end?
No, never! No, never! Oh, point not *that* way,
In thine infinite goodness, our God!
Teach us, through darkness to march into day!
ON TO PEACE, BY THE RED SEA OF BLOOD!

WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

'MAGNA EST VERITAS, ET PREVALEBIT."

When, Prophet, when?—for since our Mother's sinning,
Lured by the glozing Serpent, masked in flowers,
Falsehood, that had in Paradise beginning,
Hath lived and flourished in this world of ours.

When, Prophet, when?—In History's long narration,
Oft hath Oppression crushed a helpless throng,
Oblivion's waters whelmed a righteous nation,
Or Virtue sank 'neath violence and wrong.

When, Prophet, when?—We hear the bitter wailing
Of trampled men upon the slaughtering plain,
Hear the hoarse echo of the mammon-hailing,
And groans of grief and penury—all in vain.

When, Prophet, when?—for tyrants wear a crown,
And might is right, and strength on weakness preyeth;
Wolves in green pastures tear the lambkins down,
And practised guilt simplicity betrayeth.

"*Magna est veritas!*" our soul believeth,
For God is Truth and Power, enthroned in bliss;
But "*prevalebit,*"—this perchance He leaveth
To some more pure and perfect sphere than this.

Yet still hold on, O upright heart, that bindeth
Thine inmost hope to Heaven's pavilion fast;
For Truth, though prisoned in our planet, findeth
Its natural centre, and prevails at last.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

The rainbow shines upon the darkest cloud;
The white foam dances on the blackest wave;
With rose and eglantine we deck the shroud,
And wild flowers blossom on the lowly grave.

'Tis so in life! Our joyous hours may be
"Like angels' visits, few and far between,"
Yet 'mid the clouds of care we often see
The Star of Hope in mellow lustre beam.

The Liberator.

THE CONNECTICUT AND SHENANDOAH.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER XX.

EDGAR HORTON'S DREAM.

The opening of this narrative of individual and national events saw the Rev. Hugh Berkeley standing in the vacant pulpit of the deceased Mr. Horton. That pulpit is still vacant; the elements which necessarily come in contact, whenever the choice of a pastor is involved, are too inharmonious to coalesce on that point, or even approximate toward external adjustment, as yet. The convulsions that are uprooting and overturning error, only the more firmly to establish truth, will omit no detail of their mission, however remote and comparatively unimportant; and *this* question shall yet be settled on everlasting principles.

Mr. Berkeley stands in that pulpit again, but he is no longer the exclusive object of interest, or wonder, or curiosity. Effie and Emma adorn and harmonize the choir, but the beloved brother and prospective bridegroom is not below in the minister's pew; his sabbath ceremonials are still the stern, perilous realities of the battle-field and bivouac. It is some time since the corner pew ceased to be the especial point of Deacon Sleeper's diagonal glances—it is said those glances fall directly and unvaryingly on the genteel, although rather stiff figure of Miss Henrietta Horton, as it follows her mother's, regularly and dutifully, up the aisle past his door, with Sunday pace. Mischievous people say the Deacon takes his seat earlier than was his wont, lest he should lose the view. Of course, this is *all* gossip! People in small towns are so given to talk, you know! It is said, moreover, that, notwithstanding Deacon Sleeper's apprehensions respecting the advance in cotton, by reason of the war, he has made a fortune out of speculation on raw material and manufactured goods on hand. He has been heard to say, therefore, that, "on the whole, this war was a good thing, if things settled back soon to their old pass, and the radicals didn't carry it too far." Good, *practical* man! Of course, he would have it stop the moment it turned the channels of pecuniary gain away from his coffers—not a moment sooner.

In vision I have looked over the shoulder of the Recording Angel, as he classified on the columns of his record the actors in this era; and I have seen no other place so low in infamy as that occupied by their names who have hoarded present wealth from the spoil of patriotism, honor, manliness; who have sold the life-blood of heroes, the cheer and comfort of households, the hope of the perishing, for their own pitiful pecuniary gains; who have bartered a country's vital energies, its indispensable resources, its probabilities of existence, even, for transient personal aggrandizement. O, Thou, who hearest the prayer of thy children, ever, when that prayer comes from the heart, hear this of mine, I beseech Thee! Let the thrilling words of Story, so significantly spoken of Greece, *never* be true of this land I so deeply love—"She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The men of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own *corruptions*, banishments and dissensions."

"Romans betrayed Rome"—he says again, in allusion to the downfall of that mighty empire. Shall *that* be true of my country? Alas! When I see how cupidity, in so many cases, swallows up every other consideration; how men strive and wrangle for the chaff of the present, heedless, in their belittling lust, of the question so vital even to themselves—on what soil, under what auspices of political existence, shall they rear their gilded halls of ignominy; when I see at the heads of armies and of national councils, as well as in political party conclaves, miserable rivalries and jealousies, and anxieties about the next Presidential candidate, taking the place of magnificent competitions for the most signal victories on present and actual battle-fields—the General who could save a country thrust into silence and shadow lest the enthusiasm of a grateful people should make him a four years' head of that country when saved; yes, when I see men, communities, powers, virtually preferring a continuance of the present almost fabulous expenditures, the wholly unparalleled bloodshed, the desolation of an extent of territory wider than was ever swept over before in the history of warfare; when I see them coolly incurring the risk of a lost nationality lest JOHN CHARLES FREMONT should at last be Chief Magistrate as well as victorious General; I shudder, for a moment at least, with the chill apprehension that history shall repeat with a fatal change of name, alone—"Romans betrayed Rome." Great God! Help us first to earn a country; then we will build our palaces and choose our civil rulers in the increasing joy and light of that hour!

But the course of opinion and events is onward, although slowly, and my hope strengthens and my faith grows firmer. The Rev. Hugh Berkeley stood in that pulpit, in the autumn of 1862, the land shaking with the earthquake tread of war, under far more encouraging auspices than in the summer of 1860, when all seemed at peace. He stood there, it is true, immediately after another of those drawn games on the bloody chess-board, which, but for the deferring until to-morrow what might have been done to-day, would have been a final check-mate to the rebel arms—the battle of Antietam. But the plan of Providence was not ready for completion; the procrastinating agent was a part of the plan, then. "It must needs be that offences come," but, none the less, "wo to him by whom they come." It was after the drawn-game of Antietam, which crowned the discouragements of that whole discourging campaign. It was also after the Proclamation of the 22d September for which those discouragements had, in the order of the Infinite series, prepared the public mind. How Mr. Berkeley spoke on that occasion, it will not be difficult for those to imagine who have kept alive their interest in his character and the progress of events. A better argument than even his logic, a more eloquent eulogium and appeal than even his rhetoric; a point of interest for silent observation during all the services and comings and goings of the day, and for varied talk when that day and others had found an end—were two young ladies dressed in deep black, whom the minister attended on their way to and from church, and who occupied seats in the corner pew with the Misses Williams. Very pale, not from ill health, now, but emotion, was the taller and fairer of the two; very noble in its sweet, pensive repose, that pale face. Yet there was a fulness of satisfaction, an air of meek majesty, which the statues of Truth and Justice might wear in their noblest triumphs for the race. Very sad was the countenance of the younger and less lovely, but exceedingly interesting sister—as dress and lineaments announced her to be. Some great personal sorrow seemed brooding at her heart, isolating her in the midst of the otherwise congenial circumstances of her present position, and surrounding her with an atmosphere of touching sacredness as the other seemed surrounded with a halo of ineffable dignity.

Yes, events had progressed, slowly but certainly; here was the first visible demonstration of that progress; here the first beautiful sheaves from the teeming fields all ready for harvest. The fugitive from Canada and her bond sister from Virginia could come and go and *rest* on the soil of Massachusetts, without disguise and without apprehension. What were the emotions of the minister on that day! They were comfort, conviction, inspiration to his audience, breathing through glowing, molten diction and the profound fervor and tenderness of prayer. O, it was so good for all to listen—so unspeakably blessed for *one!*

Of course, Mr. Berkeley, like many of his audience, believed in more prompt and decided action; believed in taking for granted the faith of the people, rather than feeling for it by cautious experiments; believed in holding traitors and rebels to their word, and making them realize the *might* of the Government they strove to undermine and overthrow; believed in silencing cowards and cavillers by the only logic they could comprehend—stalwart strokes on the glowing anvil of *Now*. Yet, with all his vigor and integrity of conviction, all his enthusiasm of wish and will, he accepted gratefully every worthy result of the tardier administration of affairs; never doubting, for an instant, that God's plans would be finally accomplished—that we should come out from this furnace of trial purged from all our dross, refined from every atom of alloy; that we should stand before nations and celestial hosts a wholly united, because a wholly free and wholly sanctified, people. He aimed to make every one feel that they had a part in the marvellous drama, and that their failure, however insignificant the part, would put back the progress of the whole. Was the mission simply to watch and wait? This demanded, oftentimes, the highest elements of heroism; watch, cheerfully and unflinchingly, whatever may meet the view—wait, hopefully and persistently, unto the end. Are you called to speak or write? Penetrate the magazines of Eternal Truth for wisdom and for words, and dare not be false or flippant—you are speaking for God and his infinities. Is your part to buy and sell in the cause? Every pound of bread that you obtain by extortion or unholy appropriation shall change to a stone in your hands, every fish to a scorpion; and the shoddy garments in which you have invested or sought to invest others, shall be your robes of judgment, in the presence of the defrauded, before the bar of the Eternal. Have you girded on the armor of the valiant freeman—the armor of the Lord? Never ungird it until the whole fight is fought, the whole victory won, the whole land ransomed, the last hope of traitors and tyrants destroyed forever. Are you a leader? There is but one rallying-cry of victory for this continent and this age; but one Slogan the clans of Jehovah may hope he will ever echo back—*Freedom* and *Humanity!* Lead in this name, and you are invincible. Or is your summons to give, outside of yourself, or from your inmost vital self? Give! as the heavens pour down their largess—emptying themselves, if need be, for the priceless soil. Give, as the mighty river pours its breadth and depth into the sea. Give, as the mine yields up the gems that made the light and worth of its treasures. Give, with the sublime conviction that, in this hour, the individual is nothing—the family is nothing—communities are nothing—parties are less than nothing—all, *all*, ALL is for the *Republic!* Let every man and every woman feel and act as if the very life of the Republic depended upon his or her single heart and arm; thus, only, shall we give to our utmost limitless resources an energy and effective might commensurate with the demands of the hour. Away with these arrogant, impotent boasts of what we *can* do! What we *can* do is precisely what we *do*, however much or little. No Proclamations on paper, merely; no self-complacent review of material agencies at our command; no languid leaning on the abstract idea of Right; no speculations about the probable weakness of the foe, from exhaustion of supplies, rendering our utmost exertions unnecessary; no certainty of non-intervention from foreign powers—will save us. Nothing but our own strong right arm, stretched to its extremest length, wielding the uncompromising thunderbolt of Eternal Justice, blinding the day with the ceaseless flash of Truth's invincible blade, delving to the very root of evil, and tearing up its tough branches, although every inch of soil is overturned in the struggle—*nothing but this will save us.* Every hand to the work, of whatever craft or hue; every energy bent to one purpose, from whatever direction it comes; every force applied, even though the aggregate should prove a hundred-fold more than was needed. It is not a time to economise men, or money, or any physical agencies; the only righteous economy, at this juncture, is that of *principles* and TIME—trifle with them, dally with them, squander them no more. There is but one question for patriot lip and ear—Is my country to live, or die? There is but one answer for patriot heart and will—LIFE! the highest, purest, noblest Life! the immortal, resurrection Life, bursting from the mutilated body, crucified in such agony, for Sin.

We pass, in silence, over the remainder of 1862, to reach the point at which our little tributary pours itself into the great surging sea of present influences,—lost to sight, it may be, forever; yet not wasted or worthless, if so be it help deepen and widen the channel of Freedom, help clarify the springs of Patriotism, or raise one ripple that shall hold and reflect the tiniest ray from the great meridian Sun of Human Progress.

It is the evening of the first day of January, 1863! Abraham Lincoln has fulfilled, so far as the written and printed word can fulfill, his promise of ninety days before, to an anxious, waiting nation. He has taken the sublimest step of the age; and already, at this lofty point, the upward glancing rays of a resplendent future still below the horizon touch with glory his unadorned, manly brow. God grant him grace to complete the work!

The Williams cottage looks like a beacon, in the winter night, so brilliantly is it illuminated from within. Not far distant, the statelier dwelling of the Misses Kent presents a similar aspect. There is an *inner* character to the brilliancy, as if it meant something more than an outward display, in recognition of the President's initiatory act of justice. The cottage door opens, and a Federal officer, judging from the dress, enters. Yes, it is our hero—Edgar Horton. We will follow, and learn the significance of all this. What a fairy scene! The little parlor is converted into a grotto of living fragrance and beauty, the presiding genii two nymphs, radiant with happiness. The fair young creatures are arranging the choice hot-house flowers, which surround them, in every form for graceful display. At the entrance, we pause beside our companion, who pauses abruptly, while his bronzed cheek turns suddenly pale. At that instant, Miss Harriet enters, and, observing the aspect of her guest, interrogates him anxiously. Hardly has her question power to withdraw his fixed, troubled gaze from the two absorbed, unconscious girls, so busy with their flowers that they have not noted his entrance.

"Do you remember the dream I related to you, a long time ago, Miss Harriet? Precisely so those girls stood, twining flowers, but it was at *her grave*. Can it be that anything disastrous is to occur, now?"

"Is that all, my friend? Let me explain the dream, which this night 'comes to pass.' The bridal of Adela Herman is the grave of Clara Hamilton. All that dark past, which is associated with the name by which we first knew her—all possibility of its return, is buried here, to-night. Yes, and more comprehensive yet is the significance of the hour. It is the grave of the institution she has represented to our most vital perceptions—the grave of Slavery is digged deep, to-day. And the same hands that twine triumphal chaplets over its fall are twining bridal wreaths for a holy, indissoluble union of the fair, enfranchised South, and the noble, cultivated, sanctified North.

Miss Harriet's hand was grasped with grateful, affectionate fervor, while a pair of marvellously expressive eyes looked into her bright brown ones, with respectful admiration. Then, Effie and Emma were hurried and helped and hindered, for a time, in a way that provoked them vastly, according to their words, but delighted them infinitely more, judging by their beaming smiles and glowing glances.

The hour arrived. In that dear little apartment of her first *home*, in presence of the three households with which her interests were inwoven—the Kents, the Hortons, and the inmates of the cottage—Adela Herman stood, in the grace and dignity of her pure and noble womanhood, arrayed in bridal garments as simple and pure, supported by the lofty presence and doting affection of Hugh Berkeley. Side by side, hand in hand, heart with heart, they responded with unutterable blessedness to the solemn ceremonial of the ordained one. And all present now *knew* that "man" had not power to "put asunder what God had joined together."

Edgar Horton looked on, with Effie Lester at his side, and smiled without a shadow, from the very centre of his being. In a few weeks, the happy bridegroom of this evening should seal *his* happiness, thus, in Effie's native city. Then, Mrs. Berkeley would pay her devotions at the sacred resting-place of her beloved, lamented brother; until then, the minister and his wife would accept the affectionately enforced hospitality of the Misses Kent; while Huldah, until her sister should be established in her permanent home, would remain an inmate of the cottage.

And so, friendly reader, with hearts full of faith hope, love, our champions of Equal Rights for all went forth from the lowly cottage into the limitless harvest-fields of the future. Gratefully I, too, take my leave of you, and hasten to bind *my* sheaves.

THE END.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

PSALM CX.; with a Hermaneutical Introduction, Independent Versions, Critical Commentaries, and Notes of Interpretation. By LEICESTER A. SAWYER. To be published as a Quarterly Journal of Biblical Science, No. I. 12mo. Price, 25 cents a copy.

This work consists of four parts:—

I. Hermeneutical Introduction.
II. Independent Translations.
III. Critical Commentaries.
IV. Notes of Interpretation.

This publication is aggressive and revolutionary; it discards long-accepted and traditionary theories, reconsiders fundamental questions in history and theology, and proposes new ideas. It is meant to be a religious Monitor, and is launched on the seas in the expectation of its commanding them, and doing service in the great war of fact against fiction, reality against phantasy, truth against falsehood, and spiritual liberty and enlightenment against prejudices, delusions, despotisms, follies and sins. The coöperation of scholars and others is respectfully solicited in the service of the truth. We can do nothing against it; we may do much for it. It is a child of God, and asks no leave of us to pursue its way and perform its mission; but accepts pious offerings and generous sympathies, and makes them useful.

HERMENEUTICAL INTRODUCTION.

1. *Hermeneutics.*

Hermeneutics is the science of interpretation, and Sacred Hermeneutics the science of the interpretation of the Sacred books. Like most sciences, Sacred Hermeneutics is of modern date, and is yet in its infancy, but it is a child of promise, and is having a vigorous and healthy growth. It is destined to put an end to the principal controversies which have arisen over the Sacred books, and to unite the divided and contending millions of Christendom and of the world in one homogeneous empire of discipleship and subjection to truth, righteousness and God. The present treatise is Hermeneutic, and is designed to be an application of the principles of Hermeneutics, to the psalm in question, and to conduct inquirers to definite and certain results. It will require to be read repeatedly in order to answer its purpose, and its main positions and conclusions demand to be carefully tested and verified.

2. *Character of Psalm* 110.

The Douay Bible makes it an account of "Christ's exaltation and everlasting priesthood;" the common Bible, an account of "the kingdom, priesthood, and passion of Christ."

According to Prof. J. A. Alexander, "this psalm is the counterpart of the second psalm, completing the prophetic picture of the conquering Messiah." He also tells us "that the application of it to Christ is so far from being arbitrary, or at variance with its obvious import, that any other application is ridiculous." He fails, however, to show this in his commentary, and affirms it without any other proof than that of New Testament authority. Special reliance is placed on Mark 12: 37; "David himself calls him Lord; and whence is he his Son?" This is repeated in Matt. 22: 46; and is supposed to prove that David is the author of the psalm, and that Christ is a greater than David. If the New Testament is infallible, this is an end of controversy; but if its authors were liable to mistakes like other men, and are actually mistaken in some cases, then the subject is open for further evidence. The infallible verity of the New Testament is denied, and cannot, therefore, be assumed in a discussion of this kind. The opinions of its writers are entitled to great respect, but cannot be admitted against evidence; unsupported by evidence they prove nothing, and in opposition to it, only prove the mistakes of the authors, and the folly of all implicit faith in men and human documents.

Dr. Noyes gives three principal modes of interpreting the psalm: first, making Christ the person addressed; second, a future conquering Messiah, according to the Jewish notion: third, David, or some other Jewish king. He does not decide between these hypotheses.

It is a historic ode. It has the historic form, and must, on that account, be taken as historic, unless evidence appears to the contrary. It tells of a speaking and swearing in the then past, and of a lord and priest to whom this speaking and swearing were addressed. The Hebrew ode says nothing about the birth or parentage of this lord and priest, but promises him splendid fortunes and an eternal priesthood. The Septuagint rendering respecting his begetting is not impossible, if the context admitted it, but it does not; and, therefore, this rendering is inadmissible. We are not authorized by the Hebrew ode to suppose that the lord and priest introduced was either begotten by God, or begotten from eternity, or before the morning star. He appears simply as the poet's lord and priest, who was destined to hold his office forever, and either escape death or continue his priestly office after it.

The psalm contains no prediction that such a person *should arise*, nor does it announce him as one previously unknown; it simply recognizes him as one well known, and needing no introduction, and relates what Jeva said to him, and what he swore. Jeva's promise and oath reach into the future, and the latter extends to eternity; but the occasion is in the past, and the narrative is entirely historic, and not prophetic, except as it is the history of a transaction in which Jeva promised an eternal priesthood, and corresponding blessings. Prophetic odes occur in the Scriptures, but this is not one of them; except with the limitations above expressed.

3. *Disagreements of Standard Versions.*

A comparison of independent versions of this psalm shows that it has been variously understood from the most ancient times; and the Chaldee interpretation differs essentially from all the rest. The Chaldee subject is David; that of the Septuagint and Vulgate is a Son of God begotten before the morning star. All others, except that of the author, make the person addressed a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedec. Here are three things:—

1. A being begotten by God, which, if taken literally, makes the object either a God or demigod, according to the character of his female parent.

2. Being begotten before the morning star, which is the brightest of the stars, the planet Venus, and makes the object most ancient.

3. Being a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec.

The epistle to the Hebrews claims that Christ is such a priest, but fails to show it. It neither exhibits a particle of evidence in favor of his divine parentage, early birth, priestly office, eternal hierarchy, or Melchisedekian order; but rests them all on its unsupported assertions, and on irrelevant quotations from the Old Testament.

4. *Its Age and Authorship.*

When and by whom was it written? Unfortunately, one of these questions cannot be answered; the author is not allowed to give his name. It is inscribed for David, as some are inscribed for the prefect, and as productions are often inscribed to persons not the authors. This inscription has been understood to signify of David, and to denote authorship; and is so translated in many versions; and grammarians and lexicographers have been good enough to accommodate their grammars and lexicons to this hypothesis; but it is impossible. *For* David, and *for* somebody else, and *for* the prefect, are in many cases placed together over the same psalm; how can la the prefect signify for the prefect as it most certainly does, in agreement with its universal signification elsewhere, and in the same connection la David signify *of* David contrary to all usage elsewhere? It cannot, and this inscription, so far from denoting authorship, is incompatible with it; inscriptions are made by authors to others, never by others to authors, or by authors to themselves. With this the Septuagint agrees, which always makes the Hebrew preposition the sign of the dative; to signify authorship, it ought to be the sign of the genative (the English possessive).

There is another insuperable objection to ascribing any psalm to David, as its author. David reigned 40 years from 1055 to 1015 B. C., and was 30 years old when he began to reign, making his birth in 1085 B. C. He was 35 years old in 1050 B. C. Writers generally form their style by the time they reach the age of 30 or 35. The period of Haggai is 520 B. C., and that of Malachi, 420. The language of these and other later books is essentially the same as that of the psalms. From 1050 B. C. when David was 35 years old to 550, the time of Haggai, is 530 years, and to Malachi 630.

If we go back in English literature 530 years to the time of Wickliffe, or 680 to that of Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus and Marco Polo, we find the English language a different language from what it now is. Not a line of poetry written 530 years ago can by any possibility be mistaken for a modern production, nor a line written in these times be mistaken for a production of 530 years ago, unless it is a designed imitation of old poetry, by one of the very few scholars who understand its methods. It is so in other countries. There is not a language in Europe that has not been radically changed in 530 years, so that the change will show itself in every line, and compel recognition. The same law applies to the languages of Western Asia, which equally with those of Europe have been radically changed in the last 530 years. In India the same law of change prevails. It prevails also in respect to the Hebrew since the time of Malachi In the time of Malachi, the Hebrew was of the form and variety exhibited in the pages of that prophet: at the birth of Christ, 420 years later, it was changed into the Chaldee of the oldest Targums, and is accounted another language.

It is as suitable and as essential to the nature of living languages to be changed by use, as it is to that of rivers to flow in their channels; and this, so far from being an evil to be resisted and opposed, and only submitted to from necessity, is a good to be promoted, and to be accepted, and used thankfully. It is one of the great seals and attestations of history; and with all the uncertainties history now has, it would be incomparably more uncertain without this help.

We may be well assured, therefore, that if we had the genuine psalms of David, we should have an Archaic form of Hebrew, as different from the Hebrew of Malachi, at least, as the New Testament of Wickliffe is from that of King James.* The interval between them is 230 years.

If David is the author of any of the psalms, the Hebrew language of his time must have stood still 530 years during all the changes, convulsions, and progress of the Hebrews under their kings, and also during their separation and dispersion in Babylon, and after their return, and the reconstruction of their polity in their own land. Assumptions so extravagant are not to be admitted, and any suppositions that require them must be false.

The psalms in the Hebrew Bible are divided into five books, as follows:—Book I, 41 psalms; Book II, 31; Book III, 16; Book IV, 17; Book V, 42. Psalm 110 makes it appearance in the fifth and last book. The books bear marks of being successive, and belonging to different ages. They are monuments of great progress; the fifth and last book is later than any that preceded, and each succeeding book is later than its predecessor. The third book contains odes of the Babylonian exile, as psalms 74, 79, 80, and 89; and psalm 85 celebrates the return 536, B. C.

Book four appears to be still later by the different character of its compositions, and Book five later still. Psalm 132 cannot be earlier than 166 B. C., the time of Judas, and is probably as late as 107 B. C., the time of the accession of Aristobulus, or that of his greater and more fortunate brother Alexander Jannæus, 105 B. C., showing clearly that this book is as late as 166 B. C.

5. *Its analysis and structure.*

It consists of two parts, a prologue and epilogue, or a leading part and response. The leading part begins with Jeva said, and the response with Jeva swore; the former relates his saying with accompaniments by the poet; and the latter his oath with similar accompaniments.

The prologue consists of three couplets, and the epilogue of three; both similarly constructed, and capable of being sung in similar tunes or chants. By an improper division, the Mosoretic text makes the epilogue consist of four couplets and a half. This is manifestly incorrect; the piece ought to have perfect couplets. It certainly ought to be reduced to four couplets, and probably to three.

7. *Its occasion, and the person to whom it relates.*

Does Judaic history inform us of any person to whom this ode can apply? If so, who is he?

It does; it can apply to any one of the Asmonæan princes, till they assumed their title of Kings, and is particularly appropriate to Judas the first. Mattathias, great grandson of Asmonæans, raised the standard of revolt in behalf of the national religion, which was attempted to be suppressed by the Syrian King, 167 B. C. He died the next year, and was succeeded by Judas, who managed the national cause with great skill and address, and fought the enemy with the utmost bravery. Judas expelled the Syrians from Jerusalem, recovered the temple, and liberated the country from the Syrian yoke, 166 B. C., when he immediately purified the temple, and established the national worship. His purification of the temple was celebrated by an annual festival ever after. (Mac. 4: 36—61.)

Mattathias was a priest of the Sons of Joarib, and on his death this office devolved on his oldest son; several of his sons succeeded him in order, each being promoted in his turn when an older brother died. Judas assumed the priesthood at the death of his father, with the supreme military command, and retained them till his death, 161 B. C. At his death, he was succeeded by his brother Jonathan, who administered the government eighteen years till his death, 143 B. C. Jonathan was succeeded by another brother, Simon, who administered the government eight years to 143 B. C., when he died, and was succeeded by John Hyrcanus, who administered twenty-nine years till 107 B. C. John Hyrcanus was succeeded by Aristobulus, his oldest son, who "first put a crown on his head 481 years after the people had been delivered from the Babylonian slavery." [Josephus, W. J. 13, 11, 1.] After a short reign of two years, Aristobulus was succeeded by Alexander Jannæas, his brother. Alexander Jannæas reigned twenty-seven years, and was succeeded by his wife Alexandra, 78 B. C.

Judas, therefore, was the founder of a hierarchy, or supreme rule of priests, 166 B. C., which was changed into a monarchy by one of the descendants of the Asmonæan family, 107 B. C.

Psalm 110 may thus relate to Judas, the founder of hierarchy. The circumstances which define its age and position are clear and decisive against an earlier date. Its application to any of the successors of Judas till the Kings, 107 B. C., is possible, but not probable, because Judas far exceeded them in the magnitude and importance of his services. That it cannot relate to Christ appears clearly from the following considerations:—

1. Christ belongs to a later period.

2. He was not a priest, but a prophet, or religious teacher.

3. He was not a civil ruler, still less a military despot with his feet on prostrate foes.

4. His supposed priesthood in the spirit world is not attested by any valid evidence, and is therefore not probable.

This psalm is not Messianic, in the proper sense of that word; its Lord is not an anointed king, but an appointed priest and military despot. He is a hierarch, and is distinguished from God's righteous King on his right hand. This is not the Messianic doctrine of Psalm 2, nor the later Messianic doctrine of Jews and Christians; it is a hierarchic doctrine not found elsewhere.

(*To be continued.*)

A STORY OF PATRIOTISM.

There lies before us a brief manuscript with signatures, of which the following is the story:

A gentleman of Massachusetts went to Newbern when Gen. Wilde went thither with a commission to raise negro troops. Two days before Gen. Wilde and Col. Beecher were to open their recruiting office, an acquaintance invited this gentleman, Mr. X., we will say, to ride a little way up the country, where a force of black men was at work for Government, cutting timber. When they got there, the acquaintance told Mr. X. he must make them a speech; adding that they knew about Wilde's errand, and had been waiting and praying for him. So Mr. X. took the stump; began with an account of the recent baptism of a negro child in Plymouth church; proceeded in such an address as he thought best adapted to move his hearers toward a disposition to do their duty in the war; and closed by leaving with them Gen. Wilde's address on a card, putting it into the hands of a great, fine-looking black man, a minister among them. And having finished his visit, he went about his business. The next forenoon Mr. X. met Gen. Wilde and Col. Beecher.

"What the mischief have you been about?" said they. "Did we not tell you we were not going to open until to-morrow?"

"What's the matter?" said X.

"Why, here has been a colored man this morning, before we were ready to do anything at all, and *brought a hundred men with him, and they have all enlisted!*"

That was the gang of Government wood-cutters. That is the spirit of the colored citizens of the Tar State.

—Well; when X. was coming away, he espied a black woman trying to get past a line of guards to him. After some delay, he caused her to be passed through, as well as a negro minister with her, and she proceeded to hand him a brown paper parcel that jingled. And she said this was some money subscribed by the colored ladies of Newbern, to yet a standard for the 1st Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. It was a hundred dollars, she said; and they wanted a first-rate standard. "But you will need the money," replied X. "You had better keep the money. The Government will supply the regimental colors." This quite distressed both the woman and the minister, and they insisted, with tears in their eyes, that it was their privilege and right to get the flag. And X., responding with some warmth to her enthusiasm, answered, "Madam, you shall have the very handsomest flag that the city of Boston can supply." This contribution, whose unprecedented jingle would at first indicate almost anything but money, was almost all in small silver—three-cent pieces, half-dimes, and dimes—from the scanty savings of the slave subscribers. And the manuscript which we have alluded to is one of the subscription papers; the first subscription made by slave women in the United States for a flag for colored soldiers. Mark the brief, strong simplicity—even heroic in breadth, truth and plainness—and the perfect choice of arguments, of the ill-spelled and unpunctuated appeal. It was written by Marian, a cook. The hand-writing, which we are sorry that we cannot give, though rugged and painful, as if the work of hands stiff with labor, and unused to elegant literature, is singularly full of character, and as clear and strong as its sentiments. It is a significant and remarkable document: an epochal utterance from a race to whom, far more truly than to the whites of the United States, Laboulaye's title belongs—"The Uprising of a Great People." Here it is:

Sob Scription List
Ladays old and yong one and all I call on you in this time of our grat Strugle for Libaty
We a potion of us go in tend to go forward and try and Collect Money Enough to Purchase a decent flag for our Colard Solgers and Jentlemen for it is for [our] good and the good of our Daughters that our husbands and Sons do in List to fight our Battles and gain our Libatys therefore there Remans a work for us to do and Let us rise and do our parte Cheerfully Please giv me Som thing to aid us in this matter.
Signed by Marian Hargit and others.

We know no white person who could have put that case so powerfully.—*N. Y. Independent.*

READ AND CIRCULATE!

The Richmond *Examiner* of May 30 contains the following statement of Southern principles:

"If the Confederacy is at a premium, she owes it to herself. And so much the better. We shall be all the more free to run the grand career which opens before us, and grasp our own lofty destiny. Would that all of us understood and laid to heart the true nature of that career and that destiny, and the responsibility it imposes! The establishment of the Confederacy is, verily, a distinct reaction against the whole course of the mistaken civilization of the age. And this is the true reason why we have been left without the sympathy of the nations until we conquered that sympathy with the sharp edge of our sword. For 'LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY,' we have deliberately substituted 'SLAVERY, SUBORDINATION, AND GOVERNMENT.' Those social and political problems which rack and torture modern society, we have undertaken to solve for ourselves, in our own way, and upon our own principles. That among 'equality is right;' among those who are naturally unequal, equality is chaos; that there are slave races born to serve, master races born to govern. Such are the fundamental principles which we inherit from the ancient world, which we lifted up in the face of a perverse generation that has forgotten the wisdom of its fathers; by those principles we live, and in their defence we have shown ourselves ready to die. Reverently we feel that our Confederacy is a God-sent missionary to the nations, with great truths to preach. We must speak them boldly; and whosoever hath ears to hear, let him hear."